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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume LXXX. }

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{ From Beginning,  
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## THE WRECK OF HEAVEN.

## I.

I HAD a vision; nought for miles and miles  
 But shattered columns, shattered walls of gold,  
 And precious stones that from their place  
 had roll'd,  
 And lay in heaps, with litter'd golden tiles;  
 While, here and there amid the ruined piles  
 Of gold and sardius, and their glittering mould,  
 Wild tufts of amaranth had taken hold,  
 Scenting the golden desert like sweet isles.  
 And not one soul, and not one step nor sound,  
 Until there started up a haggard head  
 Out of the gold, from somewhere underground.  
 Wildly he eyed me and the wreck all round:  
 "Who'rt thou?" quoth I. He shrilled a laugh and said:  
 "The last of souls, and this is what I found."

## II.

Ay, ay, the gates of pearl are crumbling fast;  
 The streets of beryl topple stone by stone;  
 The throngs of souls in white and gold are gone,  
 The jasper pillars lie where they were cast,  
 The roofless halls of gold are dumb and vast;  
 The courts of jacinth are forever lone;  
 Through shattered chrysolite the blind winds moan;  
 And topaz moulders into earth at last.  
 And earth is the reality: its hue  
 Is brown and sad; its face is hard to till;  
 Upon man's brow the sweat must hang like dew.  
 But grain takes root in valley, plain, and hill,  
 Tho' never here the amaranth yet grew;  
 And grain breeds grain, and more and more grain still.  
 Academy. EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

## AUTUMN.

LARGE loom the cattle in the misty vale,  
 Wan leaves fall idly; droops the splendor tall  
 Of each gay sunflower. To the gabled wall  
 The creeper clings with dying hands and pale;

Mourns the late rose her silent nightingale,  
 Chill airs of Autumn stir the leafy deeps,  
 Where sun no longer tryst with shadow keeps,  
 And o'er the moorland move with moaning wail.  
 Her silver net the spider spreads i' th' brake;  
 With tabard red the herald robin tells  
 Of Winter near; while swallows circling make,  
 By ivied tower and hall, their shrill farewells,  
 And, gathering keen for Afric's blue, forsake  
 The nested eaves, till northern Spring shall wake.  
 Temple Bar. ALAN WALTERS, M.A.

## "NASCENT LUNA."

I SEE a stretch of shining sky  
 Like some fair ocean sunset-lit.  
 Peaceful and wide its spaces lie,  
 And purple shores encompass it.  
 A little slender silver boat  
 Upon its bosom is afloat.  
 This craft, unstayed by winds or tides,  
 Slips out across the twilight bar;  
 Through rosy ripples, soft she glides,  
 Led by a single pilot star:  
 With shadowy sails, and fairy crew,  
 She drifts along the summer blue.  
 She's filled from stem to stern with flowers,  
 And Love, and Hope, and Happiness.  
 Will aught of what she brings be ours?  
 Ah me! if we could only guess!  
 She rides elusive and remote,  
 This little slender silver boat.  
 Spectator. FRANCES WYNNE.

## FROM HEINE.

THOU art a flower's image,  
 So fair, and pure, and whole;  
 Thy tenderness beholding,  
 Love hallows all my soul.

It seems as though a blessing  
 Arose and filled my heart,  
 A prayer that God, possessing,  
 May keep thee as thou art.

Spectator.

R. R.

From the Scottish Review.  
THE REMINISCENCES OF MARSHAL  
MACDONALD.<sup>1</sup>

THE author of this valuable and attractive work was a prominent figure in the grand procession of warriors, who upheld the arms of France, from 1792 to 1814. Macdonald was one of that school of soldiers of whom Hoche and Moreau were the highest types, men borne aloft by the revolutionary wave, who defended the natal soil against enormous odds, rolled back the invasion of Europe, and remained true to their republican faith, through the Reign of Terror, and the reaction that followed. Unlike Kléber and Desaix, who died in their prime, Macdonald became one of Napoleon's marshals, winning his staff on the well-fought field of Wagram, though never one of the emperor's favorites; but he had little in common with the Napoleonic chiefs; and he adhered through life to the patriotic creed, the proud traditions, nay, the habits and ways, that distinguished his old companions in arms. It cannot be said that he was a great captain, though in this respect he was not inferior to his brother marshals, with but few exceptions; but he was a capable, skilful, and bold soldier; and if somewhat wanting in readiness and resource, a wise, judicious, and experienced leader; and, especially, like most of the generals of his school, equal to face dangers, to meet grave crises, and to take the initiative on his own judgment, not, as the Grouchys and Victors, the mere puppets of a master who bowed their wills to his own. The military career of Macdonald, however, scarcely exhibits the finest side of his character. Unsullied honor, devoted loyalty, and a frank, fearless, and independent spirit, were the distinctive virtues of this eminent man; and the license of the Revolution and the base servility of the Empire did not impair their lustre. Macdonald, though owing the emperor little, was the only marshal who stood to the last to Napoleon in the hour of misfortune; he was almost the only marshal who did not desert Louis

XVIII., after the return from Elba; and he always boldly spoke out his mind, with a republican freedom which became him, and that, too, sometimes at the risk of disgrace, whether in the tent of his imperial master, or in the closet of the head of the Bourbons. This volume contains the reminiscences of the life of the marshal, written by himself in a series of papers addressed to his son; and though he did not intend that they should be published, and he expressly denies them the rank of memoirs, they form an autobiography of no common interest. Their chief and peculiar merit is, that they bring out naturally, but in clear relief, the noble character of Macdonald himself; and they illustrate and confirm the judgment of history on his remarkable qualities. They abound, however, in information, occasionally of importance and value on the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, on the incidents of that wonderful epoch, and on the personages who are conspicuous in it; and they unfold in many passages what may be called the unheroic parts of Napoleon's nature, though here the author betrays a somewhat adverse bias. The book has been described as a kind of pendant to Marbot's brilliant and charming volumes; but it is a work of quite a different type, of a more sober and sadder cast of thought, and not so attractive as a picture of war, but more profound, and of almost equal interest. An introductory chapter, we may add, from the accomplished pen of M. Camille Rousset, forms an excellent commentary on the volume, and M. Thiers, we believe, must have read the manuscript; as in the case of other memoirs of the time, parts of it seem fused into his great history.

James Stephen Macdonald, the future marshal of France, was born at Sedan in 1765. The family of the child was a stray offset of the great clan of the Lord of the Isles, which had sent several members to the French army; and Neil Macdonald, the warrior's father, was brought up at Douai, at a training college established for the sons of Scottish gentlemen. Neil Macdonald was "out in the 45," and Lord Stanhope tells us,

<sup>1</sup> Souvenirs du Maréchal Macdonald. Duc de Tarente. Paris. 1892.

was the first of the name to declare for Charles Edward, when the prince unfurled the standard of the Stuarts on the shores of Moidart. He was at Culoden, and, after that fatal day, wandered from place to place in the Western Islands, attending upon the royal fugitive; and, after many adventures, he returned to France and became attached to one of the "Scottish" regiments, which retained the name in the French service. His son, from earliest boyhood, showed a love for arms; he treasured all that he heard of Turenne at Sedan, the birthplace of that illustrious chief; and Homer, he tells us, taught him to dream of a career like that of the Divine Achilles. After a short apprenticeship in the "Dutch Legion," an irregular body raised in France for the Republic, in one of its disputes with Austria, the youth became a cadet in Dillon's regiment, one of the corps of the famous Irish Brigade; and he had reached the grade of lieutenant when the Revolution broke out. The sons of the Irish exiles of the Boyne and Aghrim had been always devoted to the house of Bourbon; they had just received from the ill-fated Louis XVI., a flag bearing the proud device, "at all times, and in all places, true;" they were deeply attached to the Catholic faith; and when Jacobinism had begun to shake the throne and the altar, the officers, for the most part, became émigrés, and carried their swords into the camp of Condé. This was a turning-point in Macdonald's life. Of an independent and manly nature he had learned to detest the harsh Prussian discipline, introduced of late into the French army; he inclined to the new ideas that were stirring France; he had married, and was about to become a father; and he refused to leave the natal soil with his comrades, and threw in his lot with the Revolution and its cause, at this moment threatened by old feudal Europe. Many years afterwards, with characteristic frankness, he explained the motives of his conduct to the Comte d'Artois, the Coryphæus of the émigré faction: "I must make a confession to your Royal Highness." "Well, what

is it?" "I worship the Revolution." Monseigneur made a gesture of surprise, and changed color—I hastened to add, "I hate its leaders, and its crimes; the army had no share in these, it never looked behind; it stood face to face with the enemy; it lamented the excesses committed at home. But why should I not venerate the Revolution? It raised me, and gave me rank; without its aid I should not be to-day at breakfast with your Royal Highness, at the table of the king." Monsieur, who had got over his vexation, and recovered his good temper, tapped me on the shoulder, and exclaimed, "Well, you have done rightly, I like this frankness."

Macdonald became aide-de-camp of Beurnonville, one of the obscure men who contrived to rise to high place, under successive governments in France, from 1792 to 1815, and afterwards of the most famous Dumouriez. His aptitude as a soldier was soon made manifest; he greatly distinguished himself at Jemmapes, and in other engagements along the northern frontier; and in the strange chances of that tremendous crisis, when, deserted by most of the chiefs of her armies, and struggling against the coalition of Europe, France was compelled to find her commanders in the ranks, he rapidly attained well-deserved promotion, and was made a general of division in less than four years. Advancement, however, in his case, as indeed in many instances, was as dangerous as it was often wonderful. The Terrorists in Paris ruled the nation; the Jacobin Republic fought for existence; its multitudinous levies rolled over the border battling with "York, Cobourg, and the hordes of tyranny," and woe betide the general who was not successful, or officers suspected of "want of civism;" the delegates of the Committee of Public Safety and the guillotine made short work of such obstacles. Macdonald, as one of Dumouriez's aides-de-camp, inevitably became a marked man, when the defection of his chief had transpired, and he was haled before the conventional judges at Lille to account for an imaginary military fault.

At this time, soon after the defeat of Neerwinden, he was colonel of one of the "old" regiments of the fallen monarchy, as they had been called, and "Picardy" had still a strong Royalist spirit: "A voice from within the gates of the town cried that the colonel of Picardy should attend the Council; my grenadiers mutinied, and said either he should not, or they would go with me, but this had been forbidden. I had nothing to blame myself for, so I resolved to go alone. The soldiers muttered threatening language; among other words, they exclaimed, these . . . had caused the death of their poor Capet, and others of his kin, and they cried out, 'Long live the king.'"

Macdonald escaped the inquisitors of Lille, but as often happened at that terrible time, he very nearly became the victim of an incapable soldier, who had a grudge against him, and summoned him before another set of commissioners: "Two new commissioners extraordinary arrived with largely extended powers. I was denounced, and their first act was to have been to dismiss me from the army, to order my arrest, and to hand me over to the revolutionary tribunal of Arras, which let no one escape. I had made a republican general and an extravagant revolutionist a mortal enemy, for I had ridiculed his cowardice at the assault of Ménin; he had become a by-word and the laughing-stock of the troops, even of those of the same mind as himself. He had denounced and caused the death of General Lamarliere, poor fellow; but it was the will of divine justice that he should lose his life and by the same punishment."

One of Macdonald's comrades, General Souham, a republican of the most extreme type, and well known many years afterwards as the principal author of the defection of the corps of Marmont in 1814, urged his friend to avoid certain death by flight: "The general sent a message to inform me of what had occurred." He added, "Well, you are J—m; see what you have to do, for you will be deprived of your command. He advised me to elude the order, which had been postponed."

In this emergency Macdonald appealed to a former commissioner, who called himself a friend. The conversation that followed shows what was the terrorism of the time and the meanness and baseness that generally prevailed: "'Faith,' he said, 'do you wish me to speak out, you are not a republican, and I will have nothing to do with you.' 'Still,' I replied, 'I have not changed since we met on the frontier in the affair at Commynes, and there you told me in public —' 'I know what you mean,' he answered with an interruption, 'times are changed,' and he turned his back on me."

The fearless soldier stood firm and fortunately escaped: "I repeated this conversation to Souham, and he urged me to make up my mind what to do. 'I have done so,' I replied, 'if it must be, I shall be one of the many victims immolated, day after day, but I shall stay.' 'But have you considered and weighed the consequences?' 'Yes.' I did well. The commissioners extraordinary were ordered to Paris from Dunkirk, and I was sent back to my post. So I was passed over."

Macdonald narrowly escaped for the third time, having been summoned "as a noble" by *sansculotte* patriots. His services, however, had been recognized, and in the memorable campaign of 1794, he played a considerable part in the conquest of Holland. The Republic had by this time triumphed; the league of all Europe had been defeated; the civil war which was tearing France to pieces had been put down with remorseless cruelty, and the Revolutionary armies were overrunning the region between the Meuse and the Rhine, like the lava floods of a raging volcano. Macdonald, availing himself of the winter's frost, effected the passage of the Wahal on the ice, and soon reduced the important fortress of Naarden, which had baffled the arms of Condé and Turenne. The exultation of Pichegru and his troops was at its highest pitch: "I went to Amsterdam with the capitulation of Naarden and to receive new orders. On entering the quarters of the general-in-chief, I handed him the arti-

cles; he answered with a jest, 'I only take the surrender of provinces.' In fact, after the general surrender of the government of the State, excepting the strongholds occupied by the enemy, my prize was of little importance, whereas, in olden times, it would have done a general the greatest credit. The whole forces of Louis XIV. and the king in person had failed against this fortress."

The winter of 1794 was long remembered as one of the severest ever known, and the experiences of Macdonald stood him in good stead in the frightful disaster of 1812, for he learned in Holland how to take precautions against extreme cold, and to protect his men. He administered several of the conquered provinces, nearly lost his life from Walcheren fever, and in 1790 was moved to the Rhine to support the army of the Sambre and Meuse, in retreat before the Archduke Charles, who had imitated, though with inferior skill, the grand strategy of Bonaparte in Italy. In the following year Macdonald became acquainted with Augereau, at this time radiant with the honors of Castiglione and the 18th Fructidor, and appointed to supreme command on the Rhine. Marbot has described Augereau with too friendly a hand; he was an ill conditioned, but a very clever scamp, a military demagogue of the lowest type, who always took what he thought the winning side, and betrayed Napoleon basely in 1814. He had been in the service of Frederick before the Revolution, and humored the French troops by decrying the Prussian discipline. He presented himself to the orderly soldiers of Moreau and Hoche with the swagger and display of one of the chiefs of the army of Italy, and curiously did not allude to Napoleon: "Augereau reviewed us at Cologne, and was surprised at the excellent bearing of the army of the North immediately under my orders. Instead of praising it, he said to me, 'These troops are managed after the Prussian fashion, but I shall arrange all this.' There was a halt before the march past; the soldiers crowded round the new general-in-chief. He wore a glittering uniform; down to his very boots he was all

embroidery; this was in striking contrast with our simple costume. He described the campaigns of Italy, spoke of the bravery of the troops, but made no reference to their commander; he said the soldiers were well off, there was not one of them, rascal though he were, who had not ten louis d'or and a gold watch in his pocket. This was giving a hint to our men."

The coarse and savage manners of some of the French generals are illustrated in this characteristic anecdote. Augereau and Lefebvre were both raised to the highest rank in Napoleon's peerage; the conqueror truly said that he had to make dukes out of mud: "The manager of the theatre offered him his choice of pieces; he asked for what was most revolutionary, and selected, I think, Brutus, or the death of Caesar. General Lefebvre, who had commanded in the interim, was his principal lieutenant. Trigny, the commandant of Cologne, had offered his carriage, expecting probably that the general-in-chief would give his wife a place in it, but as Augereau did not propose this, Trigny very respectfully took the first step. Lefebvre, sitting beside Augereau, put his head out of the window, and said 'What are you at?' Trigny repeated what he had suggested. 'Go and be ——' said Lefebvre, 'we are not fit to make company for women, especially for your wife, who has the ——.' Lefebvre, who had no idea of literature, applauded heartily, clapping his big hands; he thought it was a play for the occasion; he nudged me every moment with his elbow, exclaiming 'Tell us, tell us, who the —— is the author? Is he here?'"

An accident only prevented Macdonald from taking part in the descent on Egypt. He served in Italy, under Championnet, in 1798, and was compelled to evacuate Rome when the celebrated Mack advanced with the army of Naples. The quality of the Neapolitan levies was as bad as possible, and Macdonald routed Mack's army with a handful of men: "I turned back, repulsed every partial obstacle, and defeated this showy and boasted army



with less than three thousand men. The result was considerable; a great number of prisoners, a quantity of guns and of baggage were taken, with the camp and the military chest."

Mack soon afterwards threw up his command, and Macdonald had an interview with the defeated chief, who at this time had a great name in Europe, but was ere long to show what he was at Ulm: "As he passed through Capua the general paid me a visit; it was five in the morning, and I was in bed. I was soon up, and said: 'Sir, a fortnight ago, you would not have surprised me in this way.' 'Ah,' he replied, 'you broke my neck at Calvi.' 'How,' I said, 'could a general so distinguished as you are, and so great a tactician, risk his military reputation by putting himself at the head of such an army?'"

Curiously enough, Nelson had, some years before, seen through Mack, and called him a wretched poltroon.

Championnet — and this is Napoleon's opinion — had acted feebly in this campaign, and Macdonald was placed in command of his army. He entered Naples and set on foot again the short-lived Parthenopean Republic; he tells us that it was chiefly at his instance that Carracioli joined the newly formed government. "He became afterwards the victim of the English admiral, Nelson, who cruelly and unjustly had him hung at the yard-arm of his ship. I bitterly reproached myself on account of his death, for it was I who overcame his scruples, and brought Carracioli to our side."

Sternor work, however, was at hand than governing Naples for the French Republic. The Battle of the Nile had destroyed the fleet of Brueys. Bonaparte and his army were shut up in Egypt; the Directory in Paris was weak and unpopular; and France was again invaded by monarchic Europe. Italy was one of the principal scenes of the conflict; and there was a most striking contrast in the conduct of war, on this theatre, within three years. In 1796, Bonaparte had refused to listen to the injunctions of the men in power in Paris, and had kept his forces united in northern Italy;

unrivalled in the great combinations of war, he had defended the Peninsula on the Adige, and he had confronted and destroyed the forces of Austria, in a series of operations which will always rank as grand illustrations of the military art. All this was changed in 1799; though her armies were composed of the same men, and certainly were superior in strength, France met nothing but defeat in Italy, a result due to palpably bad generalship; and had her enemies possessed more skill, her southern provinces might have been invaded. At the beginning of the campaign one French army was in Lombardy, and another at Naples; and either no real attempt was made to unite them, or the attempts that were made were late and ill-conceived. Schérer was driven in defeat from the Adige, because he did not know how to hold that line, Moreau, who succeeded to the chief command, instead of marching to join the army of the South, fell back towards the Alps in eccentric retreat; and then, when he tried to approach that army, he made a series of false and unskilful movements, and ultimately failed to effect the junction. Meanwhile Macdonald, the chief of the southern army, had lost time and committed himself to operations essentially faulty; and though certainly less to blame than his colleagues, was unable to come into line with Moreau, and was beaten at the Trebbia, partly through his own errors. Nor was the strategy of the allies much better; Kray, Suwóroff, and Melas overran the Peninsula; but the Russian chief threw many chances away; he ought to have defeated Macdonald and Moreau, in detail, as Bonaparte would have done in his place; and he ought to have destroyed the army of the South, after its retreat from the Trebbia. In a word, the immortal campaign of 1796 is a masterpiece of war of the highest order, that of 1799 was a succession of mistakes and failures.

Macdonald, we have seen, was in command of the army of the South in this contest, and conscious of the faults that have been laid to his charge, has dwelt at considerable length on his conduct.

He certainly seems not to have been to blame for the first, and the capital, mistake of the campaign, the delay in concentrating the divided French armies: "I applied to the French government that Naples and Rome should be evacuated, the fortresses being retained. If our troops are victorious at the Adige, I argued, they will require men to make up their losses; if they are beaten, they will be in need of reinforcements; no troops are near as mine; and besides, in the supposed case of defeat, they will lose their communications; in the first case I could return, and, with the support of the fortresses, could reoccupy the two States. But it had become a fixed resolution to keep everything, and not to abandon an inch of territory, even under the stress of imminent danger. My advice was rejected."

Macdonald, however, as Napoleon points out, lost time in marching from Naples northwards; and he never should have ventured to cross the Apennines, and to make a long flank march within the reach of his enemy. He should have tried to join Moreau behind the range, making his way either by the coast, or at sea, and this, indeed, he partly admits; the excuse that there were no means of transport is confuted by the facts: "It would have, perhaps, been a better course to have effected the junction by the Corniche; the result would have been obtained without much difficulty, as happened afterwards, but I think I have said that there were not sufficient means at Lerici, to carry the artillery and other material to Genoa, the Corniche being only a mule track. Nevertheless, while we undertook a different operation, we did not neglect to collect a number of boats, and light craft, in the event of a reverse; and these, indeed, saved our precious material afterwards."

Undoubtedly, however, Moreau was mainly to blame for not accomplishing the projected junction. His retreat towards the Alps, after the defeat at Cassano, which separated him completely from Macdonald's army, was a remarkable instance of bad strategy: "Moreau, I think, ought to have so manœuvred as

to have drawn near me, making Genoa his base. Our junction alone would have enabled us, if not to resume an offensive attitude, at least to await, in a good defensive position, assistance from France; but he seemed to wish to preserve his communications with Piedmont, already in a state of partial insurrection, and not to maintain them by the Corniche. This last course would have had the double advantage of covering that route, and preventing obstacles to our junction by Tuscany. Instead of carrying out an operation, at once simple, natural, and advantageous, when he was forced to fall behind the Ticino, he threw himself into Piedmont, to draw towards himself, it is said, the Austrian and Russian army, and then, by a rapid march, to return to Genoa, by Ceva, as I understand. But Ceva had surrendered to a band of insurgents, and so deprived of this means of passage, he was obliged to abandon part of his material, and seek a way through the mountains."

Moreau ultimately arranged to unite with Macdonald, near Tortona, that is within reach of the enemy. The essential defects were then seen of an attempt to bring two armies together, moving on double, if converging lines, an adversary being in force, at hand; Macdonald was defeated on the Trebbia; and Moreau was too late to come into line with him. This kind of operation no doubt has sometimes succeeded; Sadowa is a notable instance; but, for one instance of success, there have been a dozen failures; and notwithstanding all that has been said, it is radically faulty, and hazardous in the extreme. Macdonald naturally censures Moreau and Gouvion St. Cyr, the chief of his staff, a very skilful and capable man, but notable for his bad faith to his colleagues, as was specially seen at the great disaster of Culm: "Moreau and the army of Italy, had descended from the Apennines by the Bocchetta, and had had a combat with one corps of the allied army at the foot of the mountains, on the very day that I was retiring from the Trebbia. Had they moved down probably the whole forces of Suvóroff

and Melas would not have fallen on me; they would have been anxious about their right flank, and might have been caught between two fires, had the weak corps of Bellegarde, placed at the foot of the range, been driven in. Moreau never gave an explanation of his conduct, though I often demanded one verbally and in writing, and though officially, and publicly, I challenged him. What was the cause of the delay? There was, no doubt, ill will on his part, but he hesitated as was his nature. As to his advisers the case was different; among these, one especially, possessing great influence, and instigated by unjust hatred of myself — it was more than mere dislike — powerfully contributed, as I have been informed, to aggravate the characteristic want of decision."

The Trebbia was almost a drawn battle on the field, and does honor to Macdonald's daring, but it was not the less, in the results, a defeat, and had Suvóroff been a really great captain he would not have let the French army escape. We transcribe this short account of a passage of the fight: "The enemy had fallen back at all points where he was attacked, in spite of the courage and the howlings of the Russians; they were recoiling like the Austrians, and I have been told that Suvóroff, a bold and eccentric rather than an able chief, had stretched himself on the ground, and exclaimed that he would perish on the spot if a retrograde movement was made. All this, however, would have come to nothing but for the defeat of one of the divisions I have referred to."

Macdonald, though a sincere Republican, detested the rule of the worthless Directory, in common with all the military chiefs. He informs us that overtures were made to him to upset the already tottering government: "France groaned under the weight of a tyrannical government. The Directory had no credit or consideration; it had made itself odious by the dreadful *loi des otages* and by the forced loans. Intrigues had been set on foot to overthrow it, and proposals were made to me to head the movement. I refused. I believe, but am not sure, that Moreau was ad-

dressed in the same way, but he, too, declined."

The return, however, of Napoleon from Egypt put an end to the pretensions of every one else, and Macdonald gladly accepted the 18th Brumaire. According to these "Reminiscences" he was to have had an equal command with Moreau in the campaign of 1800, the most splendid of Napoleon's conceptions, though imperfectly executed in some respects, especially through the faults of Moreau. Napoleon does not allude to Macdonald's statements: "Moreau was to have had the army of the Upper and I the army of the Lower Rhine; but he contrived to have both united in time, and without my knowledge. I was named his lieutenant-general. I was very angry at this duplicity, and had a sharp conversation on the subject with the first consul."

Macdonald's share in the campaign was to command a small army, which, after Marengo, advanced across the Rhoetian Alps to the Adige, communicating with the French armies in Bavaria and Italy. The perils and hardships of this march were long memorable in the military annals of France: "More than once my troops became disheartened, but I betook myself to the most dangerous places, caused the snow to be sounded, the thickness of the ice to be ascertained, and the depth of the abysses which surrounded us to be measured. Avalanches had swept away and swallowed up whole squadrons. At last, with perseverance and by dint of boldness, or rather of rashness, we managed, more fortunately than prudently, and after losing many men, to attain the summit, and the plateau of the Splügen, where the hospice is, and thence the right bank of the Adige."

The first consul soon after this exploit sent Macdonald to Denmark on a diplomatic mission. The great victory of Nelson at Copenhagen dissolved the league of the North against England, and the Peace of Lunéville was followed by that of Amiens. The Consulate ere long was replaced by the Empire, but Macdonald had incurred the dislike of

Talleyrand, and he was unjustly suspected of having taken part in the conspiracy of Moreau and Pichegru. His sketch of Talleyrand is graphic, but rather harsh in outline: "This personage, since that time, has more and more degraded his name, his career, and his position. He often made advances for a reconciliation to me, but to no purpose; I had formed my opinion on the selfishness of his nature. At the court of the Empire, as at that of the Bourbons, his subtle intelligence, his insinuating ways, and his intrigues, more than once satisfied his ambition, but at last he was seen through, and better understood; and all parties, by common consent, threw him aside, and allowed him to enjoy an office of no significance, and to live on his regrets, if not on his remorse."

Macdonald was for some years in a kind of disgrace; had no share in the glories of 1805-6-7, and kept aloof from the imperial court, farming a small estate which he had made his own. He was offered a command in the service of Joseph Bonaparte when the emperor placed his brother on the throne of Naples, but he refused the offer with contemptuous scorn; his remarks illustrate what French generals thought of the despised auxiliaries in the armies they led: "My blood still thrills with indignation, and all my faculties are stirred while I am writing these lines, and when I reflect on the humiliation which would have been my fate had I submitted to the condition of commanding Neapolitan soldiers! I who had fought and smashed them to pieces at Civita Castellana and at Otricoli, and had dealt them a final stroke at Calvi, though we were but one to fourteen or fifteen! I, who had witnessed their cowardice, their desertion, their flight! I, who had invaded their territory a few days after!"

The Empire was already near its decline when Macdonald was placed again in command. Taking advantage of Napoleon's absence in Spain, Austria had suddenly prepared for war with France to efface the humiliations of the Peace of Presburg, and the Archduke Charles

crossed the Inn in the spring of 1809, while the Archduke John made a descent on Italy. Dynastic favoritism had already begun to have its evil effects on the imperial armies, and Eugène Beauharnais was given the chief command in Italy, which Masséna ought to have had of right. Spain, however, and its devouring war detained many of the best generals of France on the spot, and Macdonald was despatched to Italy to act as a mentor to Eugène, though nominally a subordinate only. When he reached Verona, the French army had suffered a serious reverse at Sacile. Eugène, a gallant but inexperienced man, had been unable to rally his troops, and a retreat towards the Adige was fast becoming a rout: "Everything at Verona was in confusion and disorder; the wounded were arriving in great numbers; fugitives, horses without riders, carts, wagons, carriages, were coming back, utterly crowding the streets and encumbering the squares; it was, in short, a rout, a hideous spectacle. The siege train, collected at the *glacis*, had been precipitately removed, and had gone to Mantua."

Macdonald, if not a great commander, was a capable and well-tried leader, and his presence inspired confidence and restored order. The veterans of the old army of Italy were glad to see again a chief they respected, and the beaten army were soon once more in the field. The relations between Eugène and his skilful adviser were cordial in the extreme, and honorable to both; the prince had none of the pretensions of mere rank, and was not above following wise counsel, and Macdonald, if not a courtier, was never obtrusive. The practised eye of the trained warrior perceived that the archduke was unable to advance, and a retrograde movement of the Austrian army assured Macdonald of Napoleon's success on the Inn. M. Thiers must have had these words before him when describing this passage of the campaign of 1809: "The immobility of the enemy was not natural after his victory at Sacile; I made this remark to the viceroy, and induced him to give orders for a general reconnaissance, and this

he did. We were following with our reserves when I remarked through a telescope a precipitate movement of chariots and baggages. 'We are victorious in Germany,' I said to the viceroy, 'the enemy is retreating.'"

Though Eugène and Macdonald continued friends, the mischief of conferring supreme command on the unskilful viceroy became apparent. The French pursued the Austrians across the Piave, the Archduke John being compelled to retreat, and to defend the monarchy on the Danube. Eugène lost an opportunity to cut off and destroy a large detachment of the hostile army: "'See,' I exclaimed to the viceroy, 'the enemy's right wing is flying precipitately. I will cut off its retreat, and this evening I will present ten thousand prisoners to you.' 'Nay, but I see nothing,' he answered. 'Do you not perceive that huge cloud of dust that is leaving us?' 'Yes.' 'Well, it is easy to know that that means a hasty retreat. Go to the left, make a feigned attack to retard this movement, and I will push forward our right, and advance our centre.' We separated, well pleased with each other, but this did not last long, for he had scarcely begun the movement on the left when a few cannon shots stopped him and he ordered the centre and right, whither I was going to halt. Astonished at such an order I returned to the centre and found it stationary. We missed our chance. . . . I accompanied the prince as far as Conegliano; the chief functionaries met the viceroy, and one of them said, 'Ah, monseigneur, if you had only pushed forward two squadrons yesterday, you would have cut off the entire Austrian right wing, at least ten thousand men.'"

Macdonald, we are told by M. Thiers, still wore the simple and old-fashioned uniform of the Republicans of 1794-99. He became a butt for *pétit maîtres* of the imperial army, and on this march from Italy, across the Austrian Alps, found it difficult to make his lieutenants obey him: "One of these was weak enough to fall under the influence of the other, who pretended that the emperor had given me a command to ruin me, and

that they would be involved in my disgrace. . . . Two days before the capitulation of Laybach, I severely reprimanded one of them, and declared that I would arrest and send to the emperor any officer who did not obey me at once."

The French army had been divided into two masses—one, under Eugène, passing by Tarvis and Klagenfurth; the other, led by Macdonald, marching eastwards, by Trieste and Gratz, in order to join the corps of Marmont, moving from Dalmatia. The two armies drew near each other as they descended into the plains of the Danube; and Eugène attacked the Archduke John of Raab. He did not wait for Macdonald to come up—a mistake which was nearly costing him dear. His mentor rebuked him with characteristic frankness: "'I was very sorry,' he said, 'to leave you at Papa. You would have been very useful to me in this critical position.' 'You did more harm than that,' I replied. 'You engaged and endangered a part of your army when you had before you the whole army of Prince John in a position which seems strong; but take heart, my corps is at hand.' 'Where?' he eagerly cried out. 'Go back to your men, it is debouching at this moment. How grateful I am to you for your foresight,' said the prince, heartily shaking my hand."

Meanwhile Napoleon, baffled at Aspern and Essling, had made his wonderful preparations to cross the Danube, and to attack the Archduke Charles in the plains of the Marchfeld; he had summoned every available man and horse to join the Eagles in the great camp of Lobäu. Macdonald and the army of Italy took part in the passage, perhaps the most extraordinary in the annals of war; and the general of the Republic met the emperor for the first time for years: "My line had scarcely deployed, and I had taken my place on the right, when shouts of 'Vive l'empereur' was heard to the left. The soldiers, seeing him passing at a short distance, put their shakos on their bayonets, as a sign of their delight; he turned his charger towards the direction



of the shouting, and recognized the army of Italy. He rode along the line, and as he approached the right I advanced a little. He spoke to no one, merely saluted by a wave of the hand; and, notwithstanding all that the viceroy had told me, especially that I would be satisfied with the first interview, I was no more favored than the others."

Macdonald blames Napoleon for the partial attack of the Austrian lines before the great fight of Wagram. His account of the battle is not good, and he hardly does justice to the admirable skill of Napoleon, who, defeated and outflanked on his left, broke the archduke's centre by a grand effort, and decided the fortunes of a long, doubtful contest. This fine movement was led by Macdonald; and, had he been properly supported by Nansonty's horsemen, when the Austrians yielded to the onset of the Italian army, and to the terrible batteries of the Imperial Guard, the results, he assures us, would have been immense. Nansonty, however, was not in time, and the cavalry of the Guard was not allowed to engage, because not ordered by their immediate chief—a rule which, more than once, led to disaster and failure, as was notably seen at Fuentes d'Onoro: "A general officer, in a splendid uniform, came up. I did not know him; but, after the usual exchange of courtesies, he complimented me highly on the action which had taken place, expressed his extreme admiration of the brilliant courage which my troops had displayed, and asked me my name, which I did not give. 'I know you by your reputation,' he answered, 'and am happy to make your acquaintance upon a field of battle so glorious for you.' Having replied to this compliment, I asked him who he was. It was General Wathier of the Guard. I had not heard of him before. 'Do you command,' I exclaimed, 'that fine and large body of cavalry I see in the rear?' 'I do.' 'Well, why did you not charge the enemy at the decisive moment, when I had thrown him into disorder, and when I had several times asked you to do so? The emperor must, and will be, very angry at the immobility of the cavalry

of his Guard, especially when it had such a grand opportunity, and certain and great results would have followed.' 'In the Guard,' he replied, 'we must have direct orders, either from the emperor in person, or from our chief Bessières; he was wounded, and the emperor sent us no message.'"

The emperor gave Macdonald a marshal's staff; the supreme grade had been honorably won: "I saw the emperor surrounded by troops, who were receiving his praises; he came and embraced me cordially, saying, 'Let us be from this day friends.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'in life and death.' I kept my word up to his abdication. He added, 'You have done admirably, and have done me the greatest services on this occasion and throughout the campaign; on the field of your glory, where I owe you a great part of the victory yesterday, I make you a marshal of France—he said this word, and not of the Empire—you have long deserved the honor.'"

Macdonald was sent to observe part of the force of the Archduke John, who had failed to join his brother on the field of Wagram. He had an interview with Vandamme, one of the old soldiers of the Republic, long passed over like himself, and Vandamme uttered this strange apostrophe—a sign of the rankling jealousy felt to the last by many a veteran of Hoche and Moreau. Vandamme used the same kind of language the day before Waterloo: "He declaimed against Marshals Oudinot and Marmont, who had been raised to that grade after me; as for myself he said it was just, but he abused the two others to his heart's content, and especially the emperor, who had promised at the beginning of the campaign to make him duke and marshal. 'He is a coward, a forger, a liar; and, but for me, Vandamme, he would still be herding swine in Corsica.' He talked in this way in the presence of about thirty general and superior officers of his *corps d'armée*, and of the Würtembergers too."

Macdonald was soon afterwards made a duke; his title of Tarentum was in remembrance, perhaps, of his first command, as general-in-chief, in Italy. He



occupied Styria with part of the Italian army. Unlike most of the imperial proconsuls, he enforced discipline and restrained plunder; and, with a characteristic sense of honor, refused to accept a present from the Estates of the province, he doing, what he rightly thought, was his duty. Napoleon was grateful to the marshal for upright conduct, very different from that of Masséna and Soult, two of his ablest, but most rapacious, lieutenants: "The Estates of Styria visited me once, and offered me a large sum of money on account of the care I had taken to spare the country, and of the strict discipline I had maintained. I refused, and as they persisted, said, 'Well, if you feel under an obligation to me, there is another way, and one more worthy of myself, to pay the debt. Look after the sick and wounded men which I must leave, for the present, behind, and the detachment and medical staff charged with attending them.'"

After serving for a short time in Spain—the "ulcer" of his power, as Napoleon called it—Macdonald was placed in command of the left wing of the Grand Army in 1812. He advanced as far as Riga in this memorable campaign, but took little part in the operations in the field, and saw nothing of the appalling retreat from Moscow. His foresight and capacity were conspicuously seen in the series of disasters that followed, and distinguish him from most of Napoleon's generals—mere satellites, unequal to independent command. His army was nearly thirty thousand strong, but more than fifteen thousand of these were Prussians, men burning to avenge their country's wrongs; about five thousand were faithless auxiliaries, South Germans of the confederation of the Rhine; and his only trustworthy soldiers were ten thousand French and Poles. The troops had not suffered much when he began to fall back, for the marshal, taught by the experiences of Holland and the Alps, had laid in great stores of warm clothing, and discipline was preserved until the Niemen was approached. At this juncture, however, the defection of York made enemies of the whole Prussian contingent; the German allies

became unsteady, and Macdonald was left with a handful of men to make his way to the wreck of the main army. He conducted the retreat admirably from Tilsit to Dantzic, and gave excellent advice to Murat, left in command of the perishing host, as to the proper strategy to be adopted in view of the general rising of Germany, and the impending crusade against the French Empire. No doubt can exist that the large French garrisons on the Vistula should have been withdrawn, and united to the remains of the army of the field: "These garrisons, which we were abandoning to their own resources, without the prospect and, I will add, the hope of succor at hand, with the exception of Dantzic, were certain to fall from want of provisions, and through their own weakness; it was already too late for the fortresses of Poland and for Pillau, but not for Dantzic. . . . I proved that, by adopting my plan we could concentrate on the Oder all the troops fit for the field, that is, from sixty to seventy thousand fighting men. The Russians had suffered great losses; the Prussians required time for preparation. The position we should take would enable us to keep down the greater part of that monarchy, and we could wait in safety the levy of three hundred thousand men being raised in France."

Napoleon, however, was not on the spot; when he left the Grand Army at Smorgoni—one of the capital mistakes of his life—he had calculated that he would have two hundred thousand men, including his Prussian and Austrian allies, in first line on the verge of the Niemen; and had this been the case he might have been justified in keeping his hold on the Prussian fortresses. But the Grand Army was a thing of the past; the two hundred thousand men had been reduced to less than forty thousand—a mere horde of broken and worthless fugitives—and Macdonald's counsel was plain common sense. Murat, however, had completely lost his head; and, really, was one of these mere servitors who could do nothing without a positive order from the emperor, hundreds of miles distant: "No objection

could be made to my reasons; and the king, Murat, did not take the trouble to refute them. He thought a great deal more of escaping himself, and of returning to Naples—a step he took without informing the emperor. He handed the command over to Prince Eugène; it was unfortunate that the emperor did not give it to the prince when he left the army.”

The garrisons were thus left to their fate, and this unfortunate course not only deprived the shattered French army of valuable support, but had a disastrous effect in 1813, for it was a main cause of the ruinous efforts Napoleon made to attain the fortresses, and of the extravagance of his strategy in that year. Murat transmitted Macdonald's plans to Napoleon without an explanation of the real state of affairs, and the marshal was naturally much displeased: “I asked him if he had not carried out, at least in part, the project which I had sent him at his request. ‘No,’ he said, ‘I have transmitted it to the emperor, and shall receive his orders in three days at farthest.’ ‘How,’ I exclaimed. ‘You have transmitted what I gave you in confidence. The emperor who, doubtless, is ignorant of all that has taken, and is taking place, will be justly indignant if the plan is not explained with all the parts in detail.’”

The French army was driven to the Elbe; and Napoleon, not aware at first of the facts, and believing that the retrograde movement was largely due to Macdonald's advice, treated his prudent lieutenant with marked coldness. The emperor, however, when better informed, did Macdonald the justice he certainly deserved. The following interview took place between them; and it will be observed that, if undeceived as to the state of his military power in Germany, Napoleon still trusted in the good faith of Austria. The conqueror long clung to this and other illusions in 1813: “I was indignant that all my exertions, and the devotion I had shown was so ill recompensed; I did not return to court. A few days afterwards, however, I was sent for; it had become known that the king of Prussia not only

had approved of the conduct of General York, but that he had allied himself to Russia, and that all his subjects were taking up arms against us. The emperor acknowledged that he had been misinformed about my conduct, and the treacherous policy of Prussia; that I had acted judiciously; that he had not been exactly made aware of the later disasters of Kowno and Wilna. He said that our reverses had been great, but not irreparable; that we had both conducted war at the same time, and both would have to conduct it together; that this would be the final campaign, and that he requested me to prepare for it; he added that he had perfect confidence in his father-in-law, the emperor of Austria. I shook my head, and said, ‘Beware; distrust the artful policy of that Cabinet.’”

Macdonald held an important command in the eventful campaign of 1813, and though not a personal friend, and unsuccessful in his operations, as a whole, retained his master's complete confidence. His “Reminiscences” from this time forward are not altogether fair to Napoleon; they breathe the discontented and soured spirit of a patriotic and clear-sighted man, himself smarting from the effects of defeat, and indignant that the fortunes of France should be made the sport of utterly reckless ambition. These sentiments, however, were, in the main, just, and were shared by most of his companions-in-arms; all that can be truly said is that he dwells too much on the faults and mistakes of his great master, and not enough on Napoleon's genius in war. The narrative is instructive in some parts, if it does not add much to our previous knowledge, and it illustrates clearly the author's character. Macdonald was sceptical as to the good faith of Austria, after the armistice of Pleistwitz—an opinion still held by some able writers, in spite of Metternich's protests and the published State papers. We have not met the following remark before: “Austria was the soul of the Congress of Prague; she had pretended to be neutral during the late hostilities; but, as transpired afterwards, she had pledged

herself by a treaty with Russia and Prussia since February. There were indications of this in the position taken by the allies in their retreat before the armistice; they gathered together at the foot of the Bohemian hills, instead of recrossing the Oder; had these armies been defeated in this position they would have been obliged to lay down their arms, if Austria had meant to make her feigned neutrality respected — this was as clear as daylight."

The "*Reminiscences*" do not retrace the main incidents of the campaign of 1813. Historically these form the second act in the drama of the fall of Napoleon, and show how the conditions of the Revolutionary War had changed; how the cause of France was now that of a despotism of the sword, and that of old Europe the cause of the rights of nations. From a military point of view they are instructive in the extreme; they illustrate, by most striking examples, how Napoleon's ambition and lust of power occasionally marred his conceptions in war, and yet they abound in instances of his extraordinary skill and capacity as a great commander. Beyond question he aimed at too much, if we recollect how inferior he was in force, and he wasted his resources and courted defeat by trying to trample Germany down, and to disengage his garrisons on the Oder and Vistula. Yet he exhibited over and over again the genius of the warrior of 1796, in this gigantic and long doubtful contest; and had he had the troops of Arcola and Rivoli, he probably would have retained his hold on the Elbe, as he had retained his hold on the Adige, and have triumphed over the ill-directed allies. Macdonald looks back at the struggle with an eye disposed to see Napoleon in an unfavorable light; and he scarcely alludes to Lützen and Bautzen, to Dresden, and to the fine operations on the Elbe, operations which, but for unforeseen defection, would probably have broken the coalition up. The marshal, as is well known, was given the chief command of one of the secondary armies, thrown forward, too far from its supports, towards the Oder, in the hope of

relieving the beleaguered garrisons; and he was defeated by Blücher upon the Katzbach. His sketch of the battle is feeble and confused; and certainly he committed a decided mistake, in fighting with a flooded river in his rear, and in permitting or carrying out a plan, which would have been good, but for this accident. Towards the close of the campaign, when the scales of fortune were evidently inclining against Napoleon, the emperor asked for his advice; and, like most of the French military chiefs, he counselled a general retreat to the Saale. "One morning the emperor sent me one of his orderly officers, to find out what I thought about the situation of affairs, and what it was proper to do. October had come; we had no supplies but what we could seize by using force; the soldiers, however, had potatoes dug up on the ground where they were encamped. I told the officer frankly, that if the emperor did not immediately take the offensive, with good prospect of success — and this seemed to me improbable, for up to this time it had been found impossible to enter Bohemia — he would expose us to a serious catastrophe. The army was every day becoming weaker through sickness and the want of food; a lost battle would increase its weakness, and would cause the expenditure of munitions, that could not be replaced; the magazines were empty, the country ruined; and in this position of affairs prudence required that we should at once fall back to the Saale, leaving a strong garrison in Leipzig, and that we should strengthen the fortresses on the Oder, with which we could still communicate, and especially those on the Elbe. The officer was frightened at the idea of being the bearer of a message like this; 'Go,' I said, 'the emperor will understand its importance; he will thank me for my plain speaking.'"

Such a retreat would, probably, have averted Leipzig; but it ultimately involved a retreat to the Rhine; and Napoleon would not as yet abandon his great central position upon the Elbe. He hesitated, however, perhaps for a moment: "The officer returned within some hours, and told me he had fulfilled

his mission. The emperor was in his bath, and had admitted him. He had listened attentively, and had only this objection to make, that the Saale was not a defensive line, that the Rhine was, and that as I thought he ought to retreat, we should fall back to the Rhine. 'Go, tell the marshal so,' he said to the officer."

The Grand Army was forced at last upon Leipzig; and after a struggle of three days, in which the German auxiliaries attacked it in the field—a defection naturally denounced by Frenchmen, but which Napoleon might have foreseen—it was driven across the Elbe in defeat and ruin. Macdonald throws no fresh light on the scenes of the battle; and only confirms all that has been said respecting the fatal neglect of not bridging the rivers which crossed the path of the French in retreat, and the catastrophe of destroying the only bridge which gave the army an avenue of escape, before thousands of the troops had effected the passage. These appalling scenes have been often described, the account of Marbot is especially good; and we shall not recur to frightful incidents again, which strikingly show how the staff of Napoleon, as the Duc de Fezensac has well pointed out, was on many occasions far from efficient, and how the imperial lieutenants would not take the simplest precautions, or do anything, without the express command of their master. Macdonald, more fortunate than Poniatowski, contrived to get over the swollen Elster, and thus describes the heartrending spectacle presented by his troops on the opposite bank: "The firing continued on the other side of the Elster, suddenly it ceased. Our unhappy soldiers were driven in multitudes upon the river; whole platoons rushed in, and were carried away by the flood; cries of despair burst forth from the bank on the town side; my men saw me, and above the shouting and confusion, I distinctly heard these exclamations, 'Marshal, save your soldiers, save your children!' I could do nothing for them. Agitated by passion, anger, fury, I shed tears."

The retreat of the beaten army to the

Rhine was scarcely less disastrous than that from Moscow. Even Marbot tells us that the French soldiery were indignant at the shameful neglect which had caused the sacrifice of thousands of lives, and stood sullenly aloof from the emperor. Macdonald was naturally full of resentment, and places Napoleon's conduct in the worst aspect. This was his first interview with the defeated conqueror: "The emperor listened to my story without interrupting me, the bystanders were deeply moved, and showed their sympathy in their attitude. I ended my remarks by saying that the losses of the army in men and material were immense, and that not a moment was to be lost to save its wreck, and to regain the Rhine. We were at Markrandstadt; I had walked several leagues, I was still wet through, and very tired. The emperor saw this, and coolly said, 'You had better take rest.' I left his presence indignant at this callous indifference."

It was not, however, only men like Macdonald, who felt indignation during the retreat from Leipzig. The favorites of the old army of Italy, loaded by Napoleon with wealth and honors, joined in the general chorus of complaint. The authority of the emperor, founded on success, had, in fact, begun to slip away from him; and the sons of the Revolution had no scruples in denouncing their chief in adverse fortune. Augereau broke out in characteristic Billingsgate: "He answered me with an oath: 'Does the b—— know what he is doing? Have you not already seen this? Have you not heard that during the late events, and especially since the catastrophe which has followed, he has lost his head? The coward! He deserted and sacrificed us all; and do you think me such a fool, or a madman, that I should allow myself to be slain or taken prisoner in the outskirts of Leipzig? You ought to have done as I did, and gone away.'"

Even Murat, the emperor's near kinsman, and raised by him to the throne of Naples, could not refrain from expressions like these; in truth he was already plotting treason: "The king of Naples

told me that the emperor intended to direct me to make out a good defensive position, for he wished to make a halt of five or six days. 'F——,' added Murat, 'make out a bad one, otherwise he will ruin himself, as well as ourselves.'"

Macdonald fearlessly urged his master not to lose a moment to attain the Rhine. In good and evil fortune he was always frank, to the astonishment of imperial courtiers: "I was introduced. The emperor gave me the commission which I had heard of from Murat. 'This reconnaissance is, at present, impossible,' I said. 'The fog is so thick that nothing can be seen clearly at a distance of fifteen paces. But do you really intend to halt here?' 'The troops are fatigued,' replied the emperor, 'and the enemy pursues slowly; they are all in need of repose.' 'That,' I retorted, 'would be all very well in different circumstances; but in the actual state of disorganization, and I must add, of demoralization of the army, it would be of no use. You must, as quickly as possible, fall back on the Rhine; besides, the men are hurrying to the river in disorder.' 'Nevertheless,' he said, 'I am informed that a great number had been stopped, and that fifteen battalions of those fugitives had been pursued.' 'You are flattered and deceived,' I firmly expressed. 'It was the same thing after the death of Turenne and the rout of his army.'"

Napoleon more than once showed, in his wonderful career, after Moscow and in 1814 and 1815, that he was not equal to himself in extreme misfortune. He gives proof of this defect during the retreat from Leipzig: "I joined the emperor, and spoke strongly to him about the position of affairs. 'What would you have me do,' he replied, with apathy; 'I give orders and no one attends to them.' . . . On other occasions, at a sign, at a gesture, at a signal, and from his lips, every one was in movement, otherwise he would have been frantic."

Macdonald, however, is not just in insinuating that Napoleon gave proof of want of personal courage before Hanau,

a victory due to his admirable skill, that threw a gleam of light on the last stage of the retreat. It is puerile to make a charge of this kind, which reveals the animus of the discontented marshal: "The emperor appeared followed by his Guards and by other corps; he asked me for information, which I gave; I had estimated the enemy's force at thirty thousand men at least. 'Can we examine his position without danger,' he added. 'Without danger, no; but we must run risks, as I have done myself.' 'Well, let us retreat.' As we were moving forward, a shell fell and burst near him, but no one was hurt. He stopped, dismounted, and it was impossible after this to get him out of the wood."

The old republican soldier spoke out his mind to his great master as to the extreme imprudence of rejecting the offers of Austria in 1813; even if Austria was acting a double part, the acceptance of her terms would have put her in the wrong, and rallied opinion in France to the emperor. It may seem strange that Napoleon allowed such freedom; but, even in the days of his absolute power, he sometimes bore much from the chiefs of his armies: "'Why,' I said, 'did you not agree to the conditions sooner? The army wished it extremely; the honor of its arms had been restored; its chief commanders begged for this in its name, and in that of France in distress. I myself explained the danger of the situation to you; I represented to you that it was difficult enough to contend against the emperor of Russia and the king of Prussia, and what would it be when Austria, Sweden, and other lesser States should join them? Our losses, no doubt, had been in some measure repaired, but with what means? With children of the new levy, with young horses, not trained, and already worn out by long and forced marches; the return of hostilities would cause our communications to be intercepted; a serious defeat would ruin us; we had neither a store of provisions nor magazines; above all, demoralization was to be avoided.' All this reasoning had



had no effect on him during the negotiations; to-day he admitted it was right."

In the winter of 1813, as Macdonald was in command on the Lower Rhine, charged with an impossible task, the defence of Holland, the allies, surprising Napoleon by their bold movements, invaded France even before he expected; and the marshal, with most of his brother chiefs, was forced back to the plains of Champagne, to endeavor to resist the hosts of Europe. Macdonald had been promised large reinforcements, but Napoleon had hardly a man to send him; and he contemplates the grand contest of 1814, like that of 1813, with a jaundiced eye. Undoubtedly, in this instance also, the emperor tried to accomplish more than was possible with his actual military strength; he aimed at defending three-fourths of his empire, whereas he should have thought only of defending France; and his strategy, as a whole, reveals this error. But his operations on the Marne and the Seine are masterpieces of war of the highest order; they recall the achievements of 1796-7, and they shed a splendid light of glory on his fall. Macdonald scarcely alludes to these grand passages of arms, though his position on the Marne gave Napoleon an opportunity to strike down Blücher, and to win a series of triumphs almost unparalleled. The marshal was engaged towards the close of the contest in resisting Schwartzemberg upon the Seine; and this short anecdote again illustrates how the special privileges of the Imperial Guard were often attended with bad results: "I found Marshal Oudinot at Grey and the Granges; and on my asking him why he had left his position in the morning, he said that the Young Guard was not made to be a rear-guard. 'In that case,' I replied, 'I have no more orders to give you, seek them from the emperor.'"

Macdonald asserts that he was the only marshal who warned Napoleon that the enemy was at hand, when the emperor was surprised at Arics-sur-Aube. He accompanied his master in the celebrated march to relieve the for-

trresses on the Meuse and the Moselle, and to fall on the communications of the allies, with an army largely increased by the garrisons, the last great manœuvre of the campaign of 1814. He informs us that he urged the emperor to persist in the movement, though Paris should fall, wise counsel from a military point of view, but rejected by Napoleon on political grounds: "Whatever orders you may give," I said, "Paris left without defence will have succumbed before we can arrive, if you go there, whatever may be the celerity of your movements. In your place, I would march on to Lorraine and Alsace, and collecting part of their garrisons, would carry on an internecine war on the rear of the enemy, cutting his communications and intercepting his envoys and reinforcements; he will be compelled to fall back, and you can make the fortresses your base of operations."

The Empire had fallen in a few days; and the most striking feature of this immense catastrophe was the extravagance of Napoleon's conduct, as a leader of armies, and chief of a State, during the years immediately before his overthrow. Macdonald was not the only adviser who had warned him that his efforts to keep down Europe by military force, and to refuse offers of peace, would be attended by the gravest disasters. His lieutenants had urged him in 1812 not to advance on Moscow; they had entreated him in 1813 not to stand on the Elbe, and to attempt to hold all Germany in his grasp; in 1814 Soult had plainly told him that the defence of France should be his only object; he had been advised by Caulaincourt to accept the terms offered to Austria long before Leipzig. How was it then that the greatest of captains, and certainly the ablest sovereign of his time, did not see what was seen by very inferior men; overleaped himself in his vaulting ambition; ran into wild excesses in war and in peace; and exhibited, in this phase of his career, the perversion of genius, which is akin to foolishness? The answer to the question is, in part, to be found in a consideration of Napoleon's natural character; over-confidence



and arrogance were his distinctive faults; and these are perilous qualities in generals and statesmen. But it is chiefly to be sought in surveying the circumstances of his life; he had been invincible for many years; he had overrun and subdued the Continent; he had founded an empire that seemed of adamant; and the lord of three-fourths of Europe, in the pride of his power, scoffed at the menaces of adverse fortune, would not believe that he could not regain a supremacy that had been finally lost, and trusted, to the latest moment, to the magic of a sword, which had been a talisman of victories beyond all example. It was thus that Napoleon fought for his whole empire to the last; that he rejected the overtures made by the allies; and that he risked everything on the hazards of war; and thus, too, it was that, in this desperate contest, he committed a series of grave mistakes; knew not how to proportion means to ends; showed a want of wisdom, and of simple prudence, which ordinary persons could not understand. Yet the spectacle which this extraordinary man presented, in his gigantic fall, was not that of mere blind recklessness, rushing inconsiderately to a certain fate; it was that of genius, grand even in its aberrations, contending against irresistible force, and keeping the issue long doubtful; and it must be observed that, even to the last, it required but little to incline the scales of fortune, so immense was Napoleon's superiority in war. Macdonald does not give due weight to these facts; and this part of his book, therefore, is not just.

We have reached the most honorable passage in the marshal's career. The emperor, and his still large army, had attained Fontainebleau, after the fate of Paris, and his purpose was to attack the allies in the rear, distributed carelessly around the capital, an operation which, he has declared, must have been successful. His lieutenants, however, were sick of the war; they had taken it into their heads that Napoleon intended to fight a pitched battle in the very streets of Paris, and they resolved to oppose an attempt of the kind. They made Mac-

donald their spokesman, and he transcribes part of his account of this eventful interview. M. Thiers has, in some measure, toned down the language; but the text of this work was, we believe, before him: "The troops say that you are summoning them to march on the capital, they share our regrets, and I am here to tell you in their name that they will not expose it to the fate of Moscow. . . . Our resolution has been formed, and whatever you may do, we are determined to have done with the present state of things; as for myself, I declare that my sword shall never be drawn against Frenchmen, or stained with French blood.'"

Macdonald then handed Napoleon a letter from Bermonville—we have met him before—he was a member of the new Parisian government—and this repeated the previous statement, that the allies would not treat with the emperor. Napoleon at once consented to abdicate; but it will be observed he still thought he could defeat the allies; and those who describe him as a mere heartless tyrant, should bear in mind that he made no stipulation for himself, and thought only of the empress and his infant son.

"'Well, gentlemen,' he said, 'since it is so I will abdicate. My wish was to secure the welfare of France. I have failed; events have turned against me. I do not intend to increase our misfortunes; but if I abdicate, what will you do? Do you wish to have the king of Rome as my successor, and the empress as regent?' We unanimously agreed. 'We must,' he added, 'treat for an armistice, and I shall send commissioners to Paris. I select for this important mission marshals the Prince of the Moskwa, the Duke of Ragusa, and the Duke of Vicenza. . . .' The emperor, after the act of abdication had been drawn up, threw himself upon a sofa, and exclaimed, with a careless air, 'Bah, gentlemen, leave all this alone, let us march to-morrow, and we shall defeat them!' He had remarked, 'I will prepare instructions for the commissioners, but I prohibit them from making personal conditions for myself.'"

Ney, Marmont, and Caulaincourt had, we have seen, been selected by Napoleon to treat for his cause; but Marmont was replaced by Macdonald at the last moment. The three plenipotentiaries had now reached Paris, and had an interview with the Czar Alexander, the arbiter of the situation for the time. The conversation was friendly and long, and Macdonald and Caulaincourt strongly urged the claims of Marie Louise and of the king of Rome, and denounced the Bourbons, the Senate, Talleyrand, and his crew. It is not probable that they could have succeeded, for the restoration of Louis XVIII. had been almost arranged; but they terrified the provisional government: "We went to the house of Marshal Ney. We were told that our arrival had caused the greatest alarm among the partisans of the new order of things, more than two thousand white cockades had been taken out of peoples' hats; the Senate was in a state of consternation."

The defection, however, of the corps of Marmont at this crisis decided the question, and made the efforts of the envoys hopeless. Macdonald endeavors to palliate Marmont's conduct; but his was a repentance like that of Judas; and he infamously betrayed a too generous master. The czar announced the decision of the allies: "He spoke at once on the subject of our conference, and said that our request had been answered in the negative. Thus was extinguished the last and feeble ray of hope which our first interview had produced, namely, that a regency would be established after the abdication of Napoleon in favor of his son."

The plenipotentiaries next fought for Napoleon's interests, and, as is well known, Elba was assigned to him. The language of the czar was noble and generous: "Napoleon has been unfortunate; from this day forward I am once more his friend; all has been forgotten. He shall have the island of Elba, or some other spot to rule over; he is to retain the title by which he has been generally known; his family will have pensions, and will retain their property. Tell him, gentlemen, that if he will not

accept this sovereignty, and cannot find an asylum elsewhere, he may come to my dominions; he will be received as a sovereign; he may take the word of Alexander."

Macdonald, Ney, and Caulaincourt returned to Fontainebleau and were thanked by Napoleon for their services. The abdication was signed, and Elba accepted; and Macdonald confesses that the allies felt an immense sense of relief when all was over. Napoleon's military power was, in truth, still formidable; and if the marshals had resolved to fall away from him the great mass of the army was devoted to his cause: "Napoleon had the great majority of the inhabitants of the capital in his favor, and the whole of the National Guard; the allies by no means felt themselves secure. The armies, still numerous, which had evacuated Spain, the frontiers of Italy and Piedmont could unite with ours; the garrisons on the Rhine and the Meuse could form a large body of troops, and could support the risings, which though at first partial, might become national; the energy of Napoleon, though weakened by multiplied reverses, might awaken and powerfully stir France."

Macdonald and Caulaincourt had loyally served the emperor in these negotiations, from first to last. But Ney had begun to play a double part; the "bravest of the brave" was really a weak man; and while still acting as his master's envoy, had made his peace with the provisional government: "We were at dinner with Marshal Ney, when one of his aides-de-camp came into the room, and, with a radiant face, said 'Your letter has been received by the emperor of Russia in the best spirit.' He pointed to an order on his neck, given to him by that sovereign: 'There is the proof.' He added that M. de Talleyrand, the president of the provisional government, thanked the marshal for the important counsel he had given."

Napoleon was deeply touched by the noble conduct of Macdonald at this most trying crisis. The one of the marshals, who owed him least, and had never

been anything like a friend, had defended his cause with the most loyal energy, while favorites and satellites had forsaken him and fled. We can only quote a part of Macdonald's description of his well-known parting with the fallen conqueror; the marshal, it will be seen, seems to have been not aware that Napoleon had taken poison a few hours before:—

"The emperor, shaking off his sad thoughts, sat up with a less preoccupied look; but his complexion had not changed, his countenance was dark with melancholy. 'I feel a little better,' he said, and then added: 'Duke of Tarentum, I am deeply moved and most grateful for your conduct and devotedness. I did not know you well; I had been put on my guard against you; I have done much for and enriched many others, but they have abandoned and deserted me, and you, who owed me nothing, have remained faithful! I appreciate your loyalty when it is too late; and I sincerely regret that my present situation does not permit me to recognize it, and that I can only thank you by words. I know that your sense of honor and disinterestedness have left you without a fortune. I am aware, too, that you nobly refused in 1809 to accept a donation from the Estates of Gratz, in token of their gratitude for the strict discipline and good order you maintained among my troops, and for your perfect equity in doing justice to all. I have been rich and powerful, I am now poor.' 'I flatter myself,' I answered, 'that your Majesty esteems me sufficiently to believe that I would not accept a recompense from you in your present position; my conduct—and you value it too highly—was wholly disinterested.' 'This I know,' he said, clasping my hand; 'but you may, without hurt to your delicacy of mind, accept another kind of gift—I mean, the sabre of Mourad Bey, worn by myself at the Battle of Mount Thabor; keep it in remembrance of me and of my friendship.' He had it sent for, and offered it to me; I thought I might take a present of the kind; I thanked him warmly;

we fell into each other's arms and cordially embraced."

With a characteristic sense of honor, Macdonald refused to declare for the Bourbons, until the treaty of abdication had been ratified. He stood alone with Caulaincourt in taking this part: "M. de Talleyrand came forward and said, 'Now that all is finished, we ask you, gentlemen, to express your adhesion to the new order of things.' Marshal Ney hastened to say he had done so. 'I do not address myself to you, but to the Dukes of Tarentum and Vicenza.' I simply replied that I refused, and Caulaincourt said the same."

The same fearless and chivalrous spirit distinguished the later parts of Macdonald's career. He had kept aloof from the Bourbons, as became his position, but he remained true to them through all the changes of fortune. He was made a peer of France by Louis XVIII., and received one of the great provincial governments, bestowed on the marshals as props of the throne. But he perceived and resented the faults of the Bourbons; and he has dwelt, in these pages, at some length on the follies of the returned émigrés, on the violence of the extreme Royalist faction, and the infatuated policy which combined all the interests of the Revolution against the monarchy. Especially mischievous were the progresses of the royal princes, made in the hope of winning popular favor, but only arousing anger and bad blood, owing to a series of extravagant errors; and he boldly expressed his views on the subject. "The princes were surrounded by their partisans alone; they only saw the men of the old *régime*; they had nothing but words of feigned politeness for the authorities, which, for want of proper appointments, had not been changed. Their Royal Highnesses saw and learned nothing, for they looked through the eyes of men full of the passions of the past. The result was mistrust and discontent more strongly excited."

After the extraordinary return of Napoleon from Elba, Macdonald was placed in command at Lyons, and did his best

to resist the imperial exile. He had resolved to lead in person a few daring men, and to fire on the little band which attended the emperor. He insists — we believe he was wholly mistaken — that the enterprise might have succeeded: "It is a proof that my calculations were not irrational, that when I was at Bourges, after the army had submitted, the Grenadiers of the island of Elba, soldiers, officers, nay, the commandant himself, were all, being asked one after the other, unanimous in declaring that they were enchanted at returning to France, but that had they met the least resistance, the least obstacle, nay, had a shot been fired, they would have thrown down their arms and asked for mercy!"

Authority, however, slipped from the marshal's hands, and he was obliged to fly from Lyons in the universal revolt of the soldiery gathering around their forgotten chief. On his return to Paris, he found the king still hopeful, owing to the pledges of Ney; and the unfortunate marshal, it appears certain, uttered the celebrated words which were laid to his charge: "I have great confidence in Marshal Ney," said the king; "he has promised to arrest him, and to bring him in an iron cage."

Macdonald entreated the king not to go to La Vendée, when the triumph of Napoleon had become certain; and urged Louis XVIII. to remain in France. He bade the monarch farewell on the frontier, for he did not choose to bear the odious name of *émigré*; his language was characteristic: "I have loyally done all that in me lay to support the authority of your Majesty, and to keep your Majesty in your dominions; you choose to leave them; I will conduct you in safety to the frontier, but I will not go further."

The marshal remained quiescent during the Hundred Days, and turned a deaf ear to Napoleon's overtures conveyed in flattering terms by Davoust: "He said that he had been sent, on the part of the emperor, to repeat the expression of his gratitude on account of my conduct in the last agony of the Empire; that he wished to thank me in

person, and that he proposed a public or private interview, at my choice. I at once replied, that I had been true to his cause and his person to the last moment; that I had other engagements which I would fulfil with the same loyalty, and that Napoleon doubtless esteemed me enough not to flatter himself that he could lead me astray by allurements of wealth to this, a high office. I had formed a decided resolve which nothing could shake, and that it was useless to persist any further."

Macdonald evidently was indignant with Ney, whose conduct had shocked Napoleon himself: "Our carriages were facing each other, when a voice from his desired it to stop. 'Go to Paris,' he said; 'you will be well received; the emperor will give you a friendly welcome.' 'I shall dispense with his politeness,' was my answer; 'I will not see him, and I will not join his party.'"

The marshal took no part in the Royalist movement which agitated Paris after Waterloo. The highest honors were properly bestowed on him at the second restoration of Louis XVIII.; he was made chancellor of the Legion of Honor; had the refusal of the ministry of war; and was given the command of the still powerful army which had retreated behind the Loire. This was a delicate and most difficult trust; the soldiery were exasperated at their late defeat, and at what they rightly deemed the vile treason of Fouché; and the higher ranks swarmed with partisans of Napoleon, fearing for their lives, and detesting the Bourbons. Macdonald admirably fulfilled his mission, won the hearts of the troops, and restored discipline, and saved many officers from proscription and death. He tells us how he baffled the emissaries who had been sent by the Junta in Paris, to arrest and immolate some of the bravest men in France: "At the close of the day Body Guards in disguise presented themselves to me. They had been furnished by the commandants of the gendarmerie with directions to obey the orders of these gentlemen, and to arrest the persons named in the ordinances. . . . I did not know how to find out those who had

been threatened in order to give them warning. The Prince of Eckmühl had just left me. . . . I called on him at once, and told him of what was on foot. 'At once,' I said, 'give notice to every individual contained in these lists; send messengers to the cantonnements; they will have eight or nine hours to escape.' I do not know how it was accomplished, but they all got off well, even General Laborde, who had the gout."

Unfortunate Ney might, it seems, have escaped; jealousy had been one of his motives for abandoning the king; and jealousy, perhaps, led to his cruel fate. In truth, he had not been himself since he had betrayed the Bourbons; this had been evident at Quatre Bras and Waterloo:—

"Unhappy Marshal Ney might have had this advantage, had he at once made use of the passports obtained by his wife from the leaders of the allied armies. She begged him on her knees not to lose a moment and to set off. He dryly replied, 'Madame, you are thinking of getting rid of me!' The unfortunate widow told me herself this characteristic tale."

Macdonald used all his influence, unfortunately in vain, to disabuse the government of the false notion, that a conspiracy had been formed to bring Napoleon from Elba, and strove to moderate the frenzy of the vindictive Royalists. He freely declared his mind to the king: "The conversation turned upon the existing position of affairs and on the causes which had produced it; reckless charges were made, that all parties, especially the army, had entered into a vast plot to overthrow the royal government and to restore Napoleon. I insisted, on the contrary, that the errors of the ministers—I could speak boldly of these, for they had been openly confessed in the proclamation from Cambray—the prodigalities, the iniquities, the abuses, the powers that had been wrongly conferred, the violation of the charter, the arrogance, the scorn shown by those in high places—that all this, in a word, had exasperated the army and a part of the nation, and that a serious agitation would have been the

result, even if Napoleon had not made his appearance."

These "Reminiscences" close at this point, and we shall not dwell on Macdonald's later years. The marshal died, full of honors, in 1840, a few weeks before the remains of Napoleon were brought from St. Helena and restored to France. He was a most striking figure among the warriors of an extraordinary time, and it may be truly said of him that, in the land of Bayard, the son of a Jacobite-Scottish gentleman was one of the very few soldiers who deserved the proud title *sans peur et sans reproche* in his revolutionary and troubled day.

WILLIAM O'CONOR MORIS.

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From Temple Bar.

THE BLACK BUTTERFLY.

CHAPTER I.

THE year was 1795, a year of bloodshed, reprisals émeutes, terror, though Robespierre was dead.

Between the rivers Isle and Dronne, the gilded vanes and conical tourelles of two grand châteaux still peered up through the woods untouched by the Revolution.

The Marquis de Roseambeau was 22, lad of eighteen, who had been for the last two years with his governor at Heidelberg, for whose sake, the aunt who had brought him up prayed for peace more devoutly than ever, for she was expecting him home. His sister, one year younger, had only been the charge of Madame de Palcire from the time when the young widow De Roseambeau fled with other court poltroons, and flung the girl on the truly maternal heart that had made an idol of the brother.

Monsieur de Palcire was not a deceased saint, but a living sinner, who, finding domestic ties galling, and scarcely *comme il faut*, bade his wife adieu, and went to enjoy himself in Naples and Florence. Unfortunately Monique had loved him, and so had gone through the fevered anguish of a wound dealt by a beloved hand, which



is most merciful when it is a death-blow.

The second château, that of Surcigny, was the property of an unmarried, middle-aged noble who had lived abroad until he had come unexpectedly into the title and estates. There was no particular interest left him in life, but to complete his collection of precious stones, and to be Madame de Palcire's neighbor.

That platonic affection had risen from the ashes of the grand passion of his life, entertained for her when she was on the eve of her unhappy marriage, and he a superfluous cadet of a ducal family. Now he was a duke, and M. de Palcire persisted in his iniquitous existence.

The balmy darkness of an early April night had closed in over the undulating woods and brown corn-fields. Patches of yellow brilliance here and there alone broke the mass of the Château Roseambeau.

A card-table lit by an enormous silver candelabra stood at one end of a long saloon, at which sat a lady and gentleman playing piquet with the courteous gaiety that was once the heritage of France.

They were a handsome couple of the finest aristocratic type; both wore their hair in powder; both were in rich velvets and silks touched here and there with the sparkle of a diamond and the softness of a lace ruffle. In face, even, they were somewhat alike, though Madame de Palcire's eyes were blue, and the duke's dark hazel. The blue eyes were singularly sad and sweet with the bistre tint that suffering had left round them. Furthermore these friends were both pitiful and courteous to peasants, patient with stupidity, dependable in trouble, sane and generous in judgment, waiting with trust in the Divine guidance of the world for the resurrection of France.

The door opened, and Vivienne de Roseambeau sauntered up the room looking like a priceless Dresden figure, all in white. She was slight, small, and perfectly formed, with airy, graceful

movements pleasant to watch, a crisp nimbus of fair hair like a child's without a touch of meretricious yellow, a face with a child's exquisite modelling, and the tint of a white orchid. But the eyes — lustrous, dark splendors — were not the eyes of a child. The pretty follies of Madame de Roseambeau's circle had been a hotbed for precocious development, and Vivienne was only too quick a learner. She came to her aunt's side and sighed.

Madame de Palcire looked up and asked what the sigh meant. Then the girl went down on her knees, folded her hands together, those dimpled models, and looked all sorrowful innocence. "I have come to confess a sin," she said.

"One sin, indeed! the hundred and first!"

"The hundred go for nothing. Monsieur le duc knows that I am a scribbler. Well, it came into my head to write a brochure on the follies, rivalries, and crimes of those dogs of the Convention."

"*Mon Dieu!* burn it my child!"

"But I sent it to René, and he sent it to an old school-friend, and he got it printed."

"*Le diable!*" murmured the duke.

"They call these political satires 'Black Butterflies,' in Paris," said Vivienne; "and mine was not very stupid, for what happened? all Paris bought and laughed."

"*Mon Dieu!*" murmured Madame de Palcire again, turning pale.

"Well, just now I received an express from René's friend, for René, in fact, saying in cypher, 'Fly! your name has transpired.'"

De Surcigny swept away the cards, and stood up. Monique pushed back her chair. "My poor little fool, this means ruin!" she said, with a broken voice.

"But René is safe?"

"Ah thank God for that! In a few days he might have been here, and then —"

"Our Sappho might almost have wished she had been born an idiot," finished the duke, with tender severity.

And while they were talking some-



thing was happening. Tramp, tramp, outside the dark château, up the Queen's Ride, through which poor Marie Antoinette had come to her favorite's wedding twenty years ago; tramp, tramp, along the terrace, until the short, sharp word of command, and the grounding of arms told their tale—came the nation's messengers of fate.

Into the painted and gilt saloon walked three soldiers in the Republican uniform. Two remained by the door, while one went up to the three people standing by the card-table in the full light. Vivienne sprang forward, and he bowed low. With her head thrown back on her round, waxen throat, her dark eyes ablaze, her dimpled face almond white, with the lights behind her, so that her gleaming satin and pearls looked like moonlight, she faced this young Republican colonel until his head swam and his knees trembled under those angry, burning eyes.

He had learnt to fight under La Fayette, and gained distinction on the Spanish frontier, and now he knew for the first time what fear was. "It is my duty," he said in a voice that sounded to himself strange and harsh, "to arrest the persons of René-Lothair-Jean, known as Marquis de Roseambeau, and of Vivienne-Marie-Antoinette, his sister, accused of high treason. In the name of France."

"I am Mademoiselle de Roseambeau," said Vivienne, "the marquis is in Switzerland with mama."

Her aunt took her hand.

"Of what is mademoiselle accused?" asked De Surcigny.

"Of assisting her brother to write a seditious pamphlet."

"She will be permitted counsel to defend her, I presume?"

"Probably. My duty is to escort her to Paris. My men are searching the grounds for the marquis. If he is not found I am under the necessity of arresting Madame de Palcire."

"How long do you allow us for preparation, sir?"

"Till six to-morrow morning, madame."

"Duc, this is an abrupt, and possibly a long adieu."

"I shall of course follow you to Paris; meanwhile permit me to stay and see the last——"

Monique looked her thanks with bright, grateful eyes.

When the ladies were alone, Monique said, "You gave your answers with so much *aplomb*, that I believed you, child. René is really with your mama then?"

"That was a little lie of course, dear aunt. Mama's maid told me I was learning to lie sweetly, and it seems we shall both need the accomplishment in Paris."

"If I only knew that René had been warned!"

"Well, at least he is not here, praised be the saints!"

The clocks of the château had just struck eleven with a jangle of silver sound, when they were hastily summoned back to the saloon.

"The marquis is found," said the colonel gravely, meeting them at the door. Among a group at the top of the room stood a slight, boyish figure in for-ester's dress. Monique reeled and gasped, Vivienne squeezed her hand warningly.

"What!" cried Vivienne, "you under arrest, Paul Argile! Do you take this young man for his master, gentlemen?" and she laughed, a ringing little laugh; then went on: "Why, this is our good Paul, who takes care of the marquis's fishing-tackle and his guns."

"What do you say, monsieur?" asked the colonel of De Surcigny. The latter answered deliberately. "This lad is very unlike what the marquis was when I saw him last, he had golden hair, and a pink and white skin; this brown youth is taller, moreover." It was needless to add that it was three years since he had seen René.

"This is foolery," broke in the sour-faced lieutenant, who had made the capture, "see for yourself, colonel, this enemy of France, and friend of foreign invaders, is as like the woman, his aunt, as two haricot beans."

The two profiles, in fact, seen against

the light, betrayed that singular family likeness that cannot be accidental.

A brief, breathless pause, and Vivienne fell on her knees before her aunt, bursting into what seemed to be a frenzied petition. Monique listened, blanched, quivering with moans, and quiet sobbings.

Vivienne sprang to her feet, and led her aunt to the colonel.

"Sir," she said vehemently, "if my aunt will sacrifice her pride, she can save an innocent man. Speak, dearest aunt!"

Pale as death, and unconsciously wringing her hands, Monique gasped: "Sir, this young man has hitherto lived in concealment; he is not the marquis, but my son." The sweet woman fell back almost insensible, and hid her face on a sofa. The young forester was by her side in an instant, kissing her hands, and murmuring endearments.

"You knew of this, mademoiselle?" asked the colonel.

"René guessed it, for we were jealous of this handsome young forester, you see. One day he said, 'He is our cousin, Vivienne, this peasant, who is the image of Aunt Monique.' But, sir, you will keep the secret of the house!" Colonel St. Mandé thought he was doing his duty as inflexibly as usual, perhaps he deceived himself, under the fire of those dark, beseeching eyes; at any rate, he longed for the scene to end.

The duke meanwhile had grown haggard like an old man; the sudden turning to dust of an ideal is hard to bear.

"Since this is certainly not the marquis," he said with dignity, "it can little concern us who he may be. Among us we have caused those ladies distress enough, colonel; may I remind you that they have a long and early journey before them?"

"See how quickly and how well I have learned to lie," said Monique sadly to her niece when they were once more alone.

"You have saved René's life, darling little aunt, and, oh, how clever of the boy to think of dyeing his hair, it was all like a charade!" Madame de Palcire glanced at the girl and sighed.

## CHAPTER II.

PARIS, a prison, a court of injustice. Events rolled rapidly one after another, including the two days' journey that brought the austere and ambitious young Colonel St. Mandé to the happy misery of being Vivienne's mere "thing." Such men, when the common fate overtakes them at last, are steeped and befooled under the charm, as bees in their own honey. To her he was an amusing new toy.

The trial had the form of justice, and the defence made a sensation, it was so ably conducted by a certain Monsieur Salvy, a young man, already a member of committee, who was said to be one of the most rising men of the day, half flattered, half feared by the irresolute disorganized Convention.

The first day's trial over, Vivienne was silent and abstracted on the way back to L'Abbaye, their prison. Her aunt thought she was overawed by their danger, and began to speak words of faith and hope. Vivienne broke into the midst of them. "What eyes the man has! They are luminous, they see through one, and what will, what power; they are reeds in his hands, those brigands! I wonder what a woman he loved could do with such a man—a man indeed!"

Monique asked in surprise of whom she was speaking.

Vivienne laughed her own light, silvery, gay laugh. "Who but Monsieur Salvy!" she answered, with a look that had never been in her face before.

She was in high spirits the two next days, as though she had been going to some delightful *fête*. Monsieur Salvy came and conversed with his clients, and Monique thought Vivienne must be afraid of this gowned and learned orator, she was so quiet, so attentive; this gentle seriousness suited her, she was no longer a distractingly piquant *feu follet*, as Monsieur de Surcigny had often termed her. Certainly those steel grey eyes of Monsieur Salvy were remarkable in their penetration and play of expression. He was plainly a bourgeois of great talent.

The result of his oratory was less than

most people expected, judging from the impression made. Half the Roseambeau estates were forfeited "to the nation;" Madame de Palcire was let off with a large fine; amid a sudden hush, Vivienne de Roseambeau was condemned to deportation to Cayenne for life, a slavery far worse than death. Monique fainted. Vivienne simply turned to their defeated counsel, who was in a white heat of passion, and stretched out her little hands, action and look plainly saying, "Surely you can save me!"

With a quick movement he was by her side.

"I pledge my life that this sentence shall not be carried out," he said, and their eyes met.

Vivienne smiled, and turned her head rapidly away. "Thank you, monsieur," she said; "it is singular, but I now know that I am safe, since you say it."

Two terrible days of suspense passed by. Vivienne had become a little queen in that dismal prison among the medley of political prisoners, thrown pell-mell into L'Abbaye. At this time there was no order kept — men and women being together, and Vivienne had a rival. Before she appeared a certain "Cerise," known by no other name, had been imprisoned for attempting to assassinate the president, Collot d'Herbois, and this coarse, handsome, loud-voiced daughter of the people had hated her from the first.

The terrible things she said frightened Madame de Palcire, but Vivienne paid her thrust for thrust with delicate irony and sparkling malice that turned the laugh against the deposed sovereign of a motley throng of Jacobins, murderers, and maniacs.

Cerise, therefore, gloried in the result of the trial, while the rest gathered round their new idol with lamentations that were occasionally pathetic, coming from such sources.

The two days over, St. Mandé and Salvy arrived together at L'Abbaye.

Vivienne was seated in a window, the light of which, though it came through bars, shed a pale halo round her head.

She was busy stitching a ragged old waistcoat belonging to one of her most notable courtiers; an erratic genius, whose wild oratory had landed him within prison walls. He crouched at her feet worshipping her in strange hyperbole, poetic and witty.

It was there these two men saw her, with a smiling face, accepting the anarchist's florid homage.

Madame de Palcire met them half-way across the room.

"You bring us hope!" she exclaimed impulsively, "I see it."

St. Mandé bowed and stood apart, biting his moustache, and looking strangely agitated, while Monsieur Salvy appeared calm, even triumphant. He replied:—

"Madame, a conditional pardon is offered."

"Ah, my child, you are saved!"

She clasped Vivienne in her arms, as the girl ran up to the little group with her quick flitting movements.

"And what price do they set on my small wits?" she asked, her eyes fixed on Salvy.

"They are ambitious of seeing you one of themselves, mademoiselle. As Citoyenne Vivienne, the wife of a good Republican, they give you your liberty."

"But whose wife?" cried Madame de Palcire.

"It might be worth while to consider monsieur's advice, if he will give it," murmured Vivienne.

"I can but counsel consent, mademoiselle."

A slight pause; then the girl asked, "Am I to be put up to the highest bidder? or —"

"You will have a gallant and successful soldier for your husband."

Vivienne's cheeks showed two bright spots of pink, her eyes were cast down.

"And you advise it?" she asked imperiously.

"I have no alternative. M. St. Mandé —"

"Oh, it is you, then!" cried Vivienne flippantly, "you, monsieur, who have bid for me!"

"On my honor, mademoiselle —" began the brave man, trembling from

head to foot, but the words choked him. "M. St. Mandé has had no hand in the matter, beyond the interest he has taken in your welfare," said Salvy.

"So be it then," cried Vivienne, "if you choose to pay my ransom with your name, Monsieur le colonel."

St. Mandé's head reeled, he did not know what he did or said, accepting the gift of this star that seemed to have dropped into his hands from heaven.

The Black Butterfly had played its part; the very imp of mischief, it had married mademoiselle, of one of the noblest houses in France, to a Republican soldier; it had given Oliver St. Mandé one of those sudden lifts that wise men deprecate; it had robbed Monique of her darling nephew, and of her friend; it had cast the lands of Roseambeau to the harpies of democracy; it had bereaved the Duc de Surcigny of his fine collection of precious stones. These must go in bribery, and for the fine levied on Madame de Palcire. That fine! When she began to ask how it was to be paid, no one would tell her, but she knew it had not come out of her own moderate income.

### CHAPTER III.

DIRECTLY after the quiet, and—to Monique's horror—simply civil marriage, St. Mandé took his wife to the new hotel he had purchased, with all its rich contents, from some noble family glad to get anything for their abandoned property. Madame de Palcire went to Geneva in hopes of finding her adored boy with his frivolous mother, and Vivienne began her new life. She was faultlessly amiable to her husband, gave him smiles instead of love, charming manners for confidence. If he had not loved her passionately he would have been perfectly content, but the man had taken the disease of modern earnestness, and the wall of crystal between himself and this lovely enigma of a woman was terrible to him.

His strong heart began to grind itself with pitiless pain. He retraced each step of their brief intercourse, and unhappily brooded over the mysterious "Paul," about whom it had pleased her

to tease him on that miserable journey to Paris.

She had never confessed that René and Paul were one and the same, and St. Mandé was learning the strength of that most terrible of all the passions, jealousy. Vivienne had amused herself since her marriage by sitting to the famous Monsieur David for her portrait. Tancréd Salvy was a friend of the painter's, and obtained leave to relieve the tedium of the sittings by making a third at them. Vivienne had not seen fit to say anything of these brilliant conversations to Oliver; he forgot Salvy's existence when he was out of sight, and continued to be preyed upon by the shadow of a shade, until his whole life was saturated with bitterness.

Two months after his marriage he was appointed to one of the most important military commands in Paris, and etiquette required that he should give a banquet in honor of his promotion. On the day of this banquet he was hurrying homewards, when he came across Monsieur David.

"Aha, a thousand congratulations," cried the painter, who had no liking for St. Mandé. "But hasten your steps, colonel, we have had a surprise to-day, our charming little cousin from the provinces. He finds his way to my studio—what a happy meeting—two children in their joy. Madame cries, 'It is Paul—little Paul who has shared the rocking-horse with me, and whose head I have knocked with a bâton of *sucré-de-pomme!*' Ah, there is nothing like our childhood's friends. But Paris is bad for the handsome forester, send him away, colonel; it is bad, I say, and these sentimental memories—bah!"

"A proud fool," he muttered, as St. Mandé, with scarcely intelligible acknowledgments, hurried on. A hideous grip was on his heart. From the moment he had first seen Vivienne he had become one no longer in his own power, and love had proved itself suffering.

Paul in Paris! St. Mandé felt the violent shock of active—no longer passive—jealousy. Vivienne was singing to herself as she had not sung since she had made his head swim with bliss on

the journey to prison. At his step she pulled apart some velvet portières, and appeared swaying lightly with a hand on each curtain, the daintiest human flower that ever sparkled with diamonds, in a sheath of filmy lace.

"Do you find me beautiful?" asked this very Eve—coquette from head to foot.

Poor St. Mandé's emotions were all too strong and too real—too real for the occasion. He scarcely knew how or what he answered. Then with a sudden, fierce frown he pointed to a beautiful miniature set in diamonds, hanging at her pretty throat by a black ribbon.

"*Mon Dieu!* have you forgotten those men are coming? take off that picture if you would not ruin me!"

"Monsieur is scarcely polite. Do you not see what I have put on in honor of your *fête*? All this exquisite cloud of lace, and this miniature of their Majesties, was given to my mother by the poor dear queen—see, the fleur-de-lys are woven throughout the wedding-dress. Also the linen, china, and glass,—the royal gift at the marriage—with the royal cypher and fleur-de-lys on them. I have prepared a surprise for you; they are laid out ready; see how beautiful!"

She swung back the curtains, and a blaze of light fell on the long table prepared for a score of bitter Republicans who—many of them—were on the watch for a slip of their envied comrade. Odd contrast to the rest of the display, all the courtly napkins were tied with tricolor ribbons, Vivienne's latest spark of caprice.

A sudden access of passion in a self-contained man looks like frenzy. St. Mandé was carried out of himself in a whirl of fury. He snatched the miniature from her neck, set his heel upon it, and with scarcely a word, attacked the loaded table, swept off china and glass with his arms, tore away the snowy damask, broke in half the lilies of France that crowned the silver-gilt centre-piece, and left the floor heaped with the wreckage.

She stood suffocating and stunned

with rage, while china crashed and glass splintered and then in the stillness that followed the ruin, she said deliberately:—

"You have insulted my sovereigns, you have outraged me and my family—your heart shall break for that broken porcelain, Monsieur St. Mandé."

Then she gathered up the fragments of the miniature, and went out of the room.

As St. Mandé, gorgeous in full uniform, received his guests and replied to their compliments, a certain "raging scorpion" in his breast was forcing him to reflect that there are fractures harder to mend than those of painted china.

René was at Salvy's house, and thither went Vivienne immediately after the scene that meant to her a final breaking of the tie she had hated and scorned from the first. The young advocate showed no surprise; he explained that René was out for an hour or so, and after a few remarks and questions said:—

"This then is the end—it had to come. And now I have a brief confession to make." This was to the effect that it was to a young cousin of his, that René had sent the Black Butterfly, that he himself had re-touched the brochure and printed it. With him it was not mischief, but business. He ended, "It suited me to flutter the guttering rushlights of the Convention—that headless mass that must fall ere long—I must get to the top of the ladder. That fool of a boy let René's name escape him. I should have blown out my brains if I had lost your cause. Do you forgive me?"

"All but my marriage."

"That is now a thing of the past—the future is yours."

"A leaf torn from its stem and tossed on the wind."

"A rose coming to perfect bloom. René was wrong to come to Paris. He leaves to-morrow."

"Must I go with him? Yes, yes. I have no refuge!"

"There is no need for you to fly."

"Help me to decide. I have no one but you—"



"You ask me? — Stay!"

From the first day Vivienne had seen Salvy he had but to hold up his finger and she must follow. Some day science may have something to tell us about that personal influence that may pass from one stranger in a crowd to another. At the trial she had but to glance at him, and she knew what answers to make to her accusers. From that moment she had, as it were, closed her eyes in trance, and let herself be carried away on the current of his will.

The next morning, with triumphant treachery in his heart, Salvy made a formal visit to St. Mandé. He reported Vivienne gone away with the resolute purpose of remaining in hiding. St. Mandé, being heartbroken, would have no constraint; she had made her choice — a divorce? no, the day may come when he may be her only friend. Then Salvy left him in one of those Egyptian darknesses of life that human beings so lightly prepare for their brethren, in which the finger of God is hard to discern.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE brand-new world of Paris had drunk the wine-juice and was dancing in Corybantic measures; having clamored for liberty, the stern gods had given her license.

An election had just come off, and Salvy, who had been steadily going up the ladder, had been chosen head of an important "section." The sections or divisions of Paris were now in formidable opposition to the trembling Convention, and it remained to be seen which was the stronger, for beyond the present disorganization a new revolution seemed imminent. Anarchy was in the air, the people were beginning to cry louder and louder for "bread, and a constitution."

Colonel St. Mandé had thrown up his new appointment immediately upon his break with his wife, and had gone on active service to the Rhine frontier.

The Marquis de Roseambeau was also on the Rhine frontier. Born under the eclipse of the fleur-de-lys, he had imbibed the "ideas" that were floating

about even in the minds of the aristocrats. He was not formed for inactivity, or impelled by romantic sentiments towards the lost cause of the Bourbons. Perhaps of all that had yet happened, his defection caused the deepest grief to Madame de Palcire. She looked upon him as lost to her and to honor. She was living in the deepest retirement, having given asylum to several nuns of the proscribed orders, and she had heard nothing of Monsieur de Surcigny since the trial. Her cup was full indeed. Meanwhile, Vivienne had become a leader of fashion. Her hotel was sumptuous, and open to all strangers, as well as to all that was strange, modern, and bizarre in Paris. There was nothing remarkable in her ambiguous position; people took it for granted that Salvy, the new man, the brilliant advocate, was unfailingly to be found on all occasions in the attractive salon of the most *mignonne* hostess of the day.

All ties had been loosened, and new refinements of liberty were invented for the men and women of a world reeling in unstable equilibrium between anarchy and despotism.

Members of the Five Hundred, and members of the Conseil des Anciens, the two governing bodies, met in the streets and at the cafés to discuss the elevation of this political firebrand of a Salvy, and all who had the chance gathered together at Vivienne's ball that night; the ball given, as all the world knew, to fête the successful candidate of the Bonconseil section.

Vivienne, costumed as Diana, with diamond crescents blazing in her fair hair, crisped like Poppeia's, was waiting in her great, bright dancing-room for the step that still made her heart beat quickly.

All her days were dim and distant now beyond that one upon which she had first seen Salvy. Since then the colors of her life had been deep-dyed, shot with the crimson of passion that forever means pain.

She moved about restlessly, a slight, glittering thing. To the sympathetic vivacity that had won for her the popularity of a seductive child, was added a

wistful, pathetic soul that haunted the windows of her dark eyes.

That is the sort of soul a mermaid has — sometimes wildly gay, sometimes startled, and shadowed, as though all the time of its joyous hours it must needs see before it that wind-tossed foam on the crest of the waves in which its end is to be.

In the tottering imbecility of the Convention, the fame of the Black Butterfly that had ridiculed it revived, and society had given the sobriquet to its popular authoress. She was lovelier now than when she had played the *feu follet* to poor doomed St. Mandé; but her coquetry was more studied now that she was a coquette for all the world but one man.

A marble bust of Tancred Salvy was set in a huge laurel wreath amid a blaze of light at the top of the room. She went up to it, and putting a hand on either side of the strong, wilful head, with its bold features and dominating look, she pressed kiss after kiss upon it.

"Ah, how I love thee!" she sighed to the cold marble.

Steps sounded rapidly on the chalked and polished floor, and with a leap of the heart she ran to meet Salvy.

"How late," she cried, "and how welcome!"

"Late?" he repeated, with a preoccupied air; "the marvel is I got here so soon. It was a splendid victory."

His eyes flashed, and she smiled admiringly — proudly on him.

"I was sure of it beforehand," she said, "and this is your *fête* — see."

"Yes; I see the honor you have done me — thanks; but as a likeness that bust is a failure."

"Some one has been finding fault with it; it pleased you once."

"Perhaps; own it is grotesque! Madame Dubois —"

"Ah, the odious woman! It is she who has found fault because it is my order. They should have guillotined her for trying to assassinate Monsieur d'Herbois!"

He laughed.

"She is a clever woman, she went to

prison *sans sou*, to die; she came out to marry the wealthiest of her judges; she got rid of him promptly."

"By another murder doubtless. They talked of aconite."

"Nonsense. Politically she has been most useful."

"If she serves you among the *canaille*, it is because she is of it."

"Why not? Ah, it was a triumph. My next step is to the Conseil des Anciens, and from that to a directorship — it must come — is but another step."

Vivienne, who was a clever mimic, began to mimic Cerise Dubois, her fellow-prisoner at L'Abbaye; but for once Salvy was not amused, he was too full of himself.

"You must be first of all; who is there to stand against you?" she said presently.

"They are scarcely worth fighting, it is true; I love the fight, my Black Butterfly, and I should be glad to measure swords with an equal."

"Cease to call me that, Tancred; black is darkness, and Cerise — hateful."

"I was but thinking of the most beautiful eyes in the world."

Then she praised and flattered him, and his insatiate vanity was for the time being soothed.

She had learnt her lesson — poor butterfly whose soft, plumed wings were between iron fingers — she had learned that, with an egotist, love lags far behind the interests of dear self, and she was pitifully content with the second place — content so long as he was pleased, and no other woman threw her shadow between them. She closed her eyes to the fact that long before this her brief-lived sun had reached its zenith, and that the shadows were lengthening every hour.

And now her guests arrived — a throng of *muscadins*, dubbed *jeunesse dorée* by Fréron — marionettes in pink tights, plaited hair, togas — women attired with more attention to what Carlyle tells us was the primitive use of clothing — ornament — than to decency. Sultanas, goddesses, nymphs, were the co-actors with the gilded youth, in the

farce in which the tragedy of the French "Bacchanals" had ended.

Among these came Cerise Dubois, beetle-browed and insolent, in the pomp of jewels and ignorant arrogance. Cerise was ambitious. Had she peeped into the future, her attentions to-night would have been bestowed upon a certain young brigadier-general, who since early spring had been wearily waiting for employment that was refused to his importunity. Upon the grim shyness of young General Buonaparte the graceful Widow Beauharnais took compassion, while Cerise imagined that the coming man was to be found amid the turbulent soap-bubbles of political intrigue.

Ah, well! the present is always a Cassandra of whose soothsaying no one takes heed.

Vivienne and Cerise met—their words were honey and gall; their black eyes flashed fire; each perhaps wished the other dead at her feet.

"Paris itself will soon be in the hollow of our friend's hand," said Cerise. "Mon ami," I said to him, 'my compliments to the future director of France.' That was at two o'clock; when did the good news reach madame?"

That was the stiletto she planted in the breast of Madame St. Mandé, and then with mutual compliments they separated.

And the hollow, moaning wind that comes up through the gulfs of the future blew chill upon the human butterfly drifting along the valley of fading illusions.

Late in the evening she was alone with Salvy, within distant sound of the dance music.

"I have something to tell you, Tancred," she began, turning pale with nervous excitement; "something I had kept for you in case you had failed."

"Failure and Tancred Salvy have not yet bowed to one another, my bright butterfly," he answered lightly. "Had I failed, a pistol to blow out my brains would have been all I asked."

"How should you fail? But this is what you once said you desired above all things."

His face wore a guarded expression, and though his manner was caressing, he scarcely looked at her.

"What is this secret?" he asked negligently. "Do not call upon me to remember what I 'once said.'"

"It is—it is that Colonel St. Mandé consents to a divorce. Tancred, when this is arranged, I shall not have a care in the world."

"You speak of care, *ma chère*; you have had no cares beyond those of the toilette—why should you—whom all women envy? St. Mandé finds at length that an ambitious man is better without a wife. He made you a very liberal allowance. We must be careful."

"I was not his wife; I was a sacrifice; I was bargained for and sold!"

"As for my career, it is scaling snow-clad Alps; at any moment the avalanche may fall. I will not, I must not drag you down with me. At present your position is one of enviable independence."

"Do I wish to be independent of you?"

"You are all impulse. I must be prudent for you at any personal sacrifice. I am not my own master. I belong to France—head, heart, and hands. But we are getting on most fatiguing topics. I have not yet told you that you are the most adorable Diana that could ever awaken a happy Endymion by 'kissing her sweetest.'"

How pale she was when, suddenly bounding from his side, she cried, "You have not seen the prettiest dance in the world!" and accompanying herself with a trilling little melody like a bird's song, she began to waft about like a flower set loose from its stalk, in the dainty steps and pretty movements of the newly recovered art over which Paris had gone mad. Her childish gaiety seemed to have revived, and mingled with crystal laughter and witty little impertinences, charmed the egotist for whose pleasure alone she cared. But his smile was cold; just then the coarse beauty and vigorous recklessness of a vicious creature such as Cerise Dubois seemed more attractive. Egotism, no

less than imagination, has its strong delusions.

Suddenly, in the midst of her merri- ment, Vivienne went down on the floor in a crushed heap of stormy sobs. "Now I know," she wailed, "that you went first to Cerise Dubois."

CHAPTER V.

AN October day in that same event- ful year, 1795, was drawing to its close. Paris was barricaded. The Convention, in an agony of terror, was in permanent session. The revolutionary sections were in arms, their headquarters being the Convent of Les Filles de St. Thomas, rue St. Honoré. With forty thousand National Guards at their back, they were confident of success, and under Salvy's orders had seized the church of St. Roche, and driven in piquets near the Pont Neuf.

A muffled little figure was waiting in the cloisters of the rifled convent. Be- fore long Salvy, in the uniform of the National Guard, came with hurried step along the pavement.

"You, Vivienne!" he cried, in angry amazement.

"Yes, it is I, Tancred."

"You are mad to be out! To-night there is danger everywhere, above all here."

"I am indifferent to danger."

"You are not wise."

"I am never wise."

"Well, what have you to say? My time is not my own."

"What I have to say is worth five minutes."

"This is no time for reproaches. Vivienne, I never disguised from you that I was an ambitious man; that love must have the second place.

"It was enough for me, until —"

"I know that I am to blame, but man is not master of his fate."

"Nor woman of her heart. I did not live till I knew you—you taught me that happiness was my right—that man makes holy that he believes, and beau- tiful that he loves. You took my life and threw it away."

"All happiness is short-lived."

"When this is over will you remem-  
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ber your little Vivienne, and come back to her, Tancred?"

"This" means brilliant success or death to me."

"It means also life or death to me."

"Is this what you came to say?"

"No; my brain goes round. If you fail I shall love you doubly."

"Be reasonable—these things are ruled by fate. At this moment my only confidence is in myself, and the fact that the Convention have no leader. I am surrounded by those who wish to see me disgraced."

"I came to tell you that they have given General Buonaparte command."

"Parbleu! is this hearsay only?"

"No. I was in the House with M. David—for your sake. M. Carnot said in the midst of a debate, which was very agitated, 'I have the very man we want for this business—that little Cor- sican officer. He will not stand on cer- emony.' M. David said, 'This is most disastrous for our friends of the sec- tions;' and I replied, 'They must know at once.'"

"Great heavens! You did well, Vivi- enne. There is not an instant to lose."

"I have done what I could for you, Tancred, though you have kept away from me for so long."

"Yes, yes—I am grateful. Let me go!"

"I am no butterfly now—but a woman."

"Vivienne, all this is too late."

"Too late?"

"I was married to Cerise Dubois this morning."

"Married?"

"Yes. If you understood my situa- tion, you would not blame me."

"You jest."

"No, no. It is a fact. How could I tell you would take it in this way? You should not have come here. I abhor women meddling in serious af- fairs. Leave me. To-night may be my last—then—what matters? Pray to forget me."

"I have forgotten how to pray since you told me there was none to hear."

"Mon Dieu! go now."

"I have always obeyed you—yet—

there is one little thing you can do for me, if you will."

"Can you doubt it?"

She put her hand into his clasped upon a little pistol. "I beg of you to put this to my heart—just here—and to fire. Now kiss me; say 'Good-bye, poor little Vivienne.'"

She turned her face aside and closed her eyes.

He snatched the pistol from her and flung it to the end of the cloister, with a stifled cry. Through his proof mail of egotistic vanity a poisoned dart had struck him. He caught her in his arms, the poor, broken-winged butterfly. The end had been written in the beginning, but Cassandra spoke in vain.

Five minutes later Salvy was in the midst of the Sections Committee. "Gentlemen," he said, "the game is serious; our opponents have a Head."

#### CHAPTER VI.

MADAME DE PALCIRE'S refuge was a small house behind walls in a quiet street in Paris. She thought she was dying. The proscribed nuns whom she protected thought the same, so did the physician. But she alone knew that her only disease was heart-hunger. She was alone in the world.

"Only God can cure me, little sister," she said on that same night of October 4th.

"Oh, but certainly, madame!"

"And death is his cure."

At that moment the door-bell in the courtyard rang. Two gentlemen were admitted by the old porter, who hobbled across with his lantern. After a murmured exchange of words, the elder went into the house, the younger, who wore the Republican uniform, remained in the courtyard, which was dark but for a beam of light issuing from the window of Madame de Palcire's room. The young officer folded his arms, and looked up at the sky—half clouds, half stars. "René!" he had heard no foot-step, and started violently at the sound of his name—in *that* voice. A few paces from him stood a little slight form. A wan, pale face looked out from under a hood.

"René—dear little brother!"

"You here, woman!" the young marquis spoke with angry agitation, and fell back, frowning and biting his lip.

"She wrote; but I saw her through the window. I heard her speak; it is you she wants, not me. She gives me up—well, she doesn't know; but René——"

"Do not speak to me. You have dragged the honor of our house, and the name of the best of men, in the dust. He has been my best friend. I wash hands of you!"

"René, can you be cruel to your Vivienne?"

"For the sake of a low-bred, intriguing villain."

She uttered a low cry of pain. René went on indignantly, "You have blasted St. Mandé's happiness and disgraced me."

"Ah, René!" she turned away in despair.

He had the cruelty of youth. Years after he looked back and understood the tragedy embodied in that passive figure.

Looking frowningly down upon her he said: "Until he forgives you, hope for nothing from me. Gain his pardon, and you will not have long to wait for mine."

Then he turned his back, and began to pace up and down the yard.

Within the lighted room Madame de Palcire and her visitor, who was the Duc de Surcigny, had met in another sort of reunion.

"At last, duc, at last," Monique was saying, with a new light in her eyes.

"At last you have remembered me, and come to see me die."

"No; to bid you live!" he replied, kissing her frail hand.

"But why so long without a sign? Is it possible——"

"All is possible to the boundless stupidity of man! At present I will not speak of the past."

"You know," she said softly, "that he is dead?"

"Nothing that concerns you is unknown to me, Monique. But it was not for selfish hopes, it was to restore to



you one who cannot live without your love that I have come."

"Not the unhappy Vivienne?"

"No; of her I know nothing, but that she wronged the man to whom we owe a debt of gratitude."

"Tell me, duc, was it you who paid my fine?"

"Must I answer?"

"You have answered! This sacrifice for me, and yet you believed——"

"Cover my crime with the mantle of your charity, Monique. When I learnt that it was René's life you saved——"

"By that forced lie——"

"Well, let all be forgotten! I must earn your forgiveness."

"He—my husband—sent to implore that, all is now peace."

"Concerning St. Mandé, whom I have learnt to value—a certain dear rascal has been saved from himself and from scoundrels who would have preyed upon his folly, and youth, by the watchfulness and kindness of his colonel."

"My unhappy—dishonored boy!"

"Not dishonored; he renounced a life of inglorious ease in order to serve his country, threatened by foreign invasion. Monique, our world is not his; he belongs to the future; do not break his heart and yours by refusing him the only maternal love he has ever known. He is worthy of his name, though for the present his badge is not the white ribbon; he is worthier of you than he was a year ago."

Happily human hearts are not adamant, and there are few who have the pride or the courage to put the cup from their lips when they are dying of thirst.

"Is he here, Raymond?—my boy!" exclaimed Monique, the tears flooding her eyes; and then M. de Surcigny knew that the cause was won, and hurrying to the door summoned René to the arms that were longing to hold him.

Inside, love was working one of its daily miracles, and casting oil on the flickering flame of a life.

Outside, all was dark. With a long, sobbing sigh the prodigal child for whom there was no place stole away.

There are always those in the warmth within and those in the cold outside.

Dawn found lines of defence along the quays, and companies of soldiers parading the streets. The first sign of Buonaparte's vigor was shown by the sudden seizure of the guns at the ill-guarded camp of Sablons. By twenty minutes' start he turned the fate of France, and when the insurgents massed themselves about the lofty flight of steps that leads to the church of St. Roche, they had nothing but a forest of musket barrels with which to meet the enemy's artillery.

The sectionist generals belonged to the old body-guard of Louis XVI., and their men distrusted them. Had it not been for the exertions of Cerise Dubois, who urged the faint-hearted, and jested with the resolute, those who answered the call to arms would have been fewer than they were. But instead of increasing, the numbers were beginning to melt away down back streets and into cellars.

Salvy was the first to see the danger, the last to despair. The white flag of truce had been refused by the Convention after much agitation. "Victory or death," was the reply. Their prompt young general sent the timid members eight hundred muskets, with his compliments, which they eyed gravely!

His orders were given, all the guns were to be turned on St. Roche. Salvy, with the other leaders, was in the church, when Cerise suddenly appeared in the vivandière's dress she had assumed.

"I am worth all your *ci-devant* generals put together," she said, wiping her hot face. "The men, who adore me, have made a bonfire to celebrate our marriage."

"Indeed?" Salvy went aside with her into one of the chapels.

"Yes; a *feu-de-joie* at Madame St. Mandé's house. Jealousy is my foible. I have too much spirit to tolerate a rival."

"You have burnt her house!" Repressing his rage, Salvy went on, "My moments are precious. Go, you must not stop here."

"Must, must! I must inform you, monsieur, that you are too ready with

that phrase !” Her face crimsoned, her voice rose to a shriek. “Let me tell you, I am your bride, your general, and moreover your military chest. You owe me everything !”

“I owe her more ; she warned me that Buonaparte was in command.”

“You have seen her then — since our wedding ?”

“What if I have ?”

“Cheat, villain, *lâche* !” screamed Ce-  
rise, stamping with both feet, and shaking her fists in his face.

“Go, I tell you ! The firing has begun.”

Boom, boom went the cannon ; the houses shook, and the windows were splintered. Salvy hurried to his post.

“The men shall know that they are betrayed !” shrieked the fury after him. “You shall see if I have friends !”

“To win, or to lose ; it is all alike empty,” Salvy said to himself ; but the next moment the excitement of the fight seized upon him, and he was himself again.

Another roar of artillery — crack, crack along the lines went the musketry fire. Muskets against grape shot, with that there can be but one end. The steps are strewn with dead men and marble splinters. Orders were given to charge with the forlorn hope of carrying the guns. They were brave men on both sides, and the blood-thirst was upon them, though Frenchmen and Republicans faced one another.

General Buonaparte was perfectly cool. “Fire upon the leaders !” had been his order ; “let no life be wasted.” Another burst of artillery thunder, and some two hundred of the Sectionists lay dead.

“Charge !” In close compact mass the troops of the Convention surged downwards through the clouds of smoke.

A moment before this a woman — a mere girl — with soft fair hair fluttering round a small wan face, flitted into the open space before the steps, and passed up among the soldiers. So swiftly and quietly she slipped through the ranks

that a Breton guardsman started and crossed himself, swearing that he had seen one of his seven saints.

On came men — guns — bayonets — sabres — sweeping down, and pouring up over the struggling broken lines of the insurgents. The fight was sharp and short, the victory complete. The “Sections” fled, were sabred, or taken prisoners.

The troops of Buonaparte were in possession of St. Roche, and that meant Paris — France.

Under the Doric columns, whence Faith and Hope, in marble, surveyed the carnage, and wondered what had become of sister Charity, was gathered a group of men.

St. Mandé kneeling, with a little fair dead face upon his breast — a curious contrast to the grim swarthy dead soldiers lying around.

René was there in a frenzy of boyish grief and rage. Salvy was a prisoner, and wounded, between two soldiers.

“Shall I shoot the dog ?” cried René passionately.

“He is your prisoner; spare him,” St. Mandé answered, in a calm, expressionless voice.

“One moment, gentlemen,” Salvy said, stepping forward and looking down on Vivienne’s white face.

The marquis sprang between them, but he put him away with an iron hand. “You cannot prevent me taking my farewell,” he said. “She meant to die with me, and for me. I have her pardon to ask.”

Kneeling with difficulty, he lifted the little dead hand and pressed it to his lips.

“Now,” he said, rising with a grey face of pain, “do with me what you please.”

St. Mandé, with his head bowed, remained in the silence of a grief with which no man could meddle.

There was the sweet face for which he had made shipwreck of happiness; and just then he knew nothing but the crushing mysteries of life — love — death.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE FRENCH EMPRESS AND THE  
GERMAN WAR.

UNDER the unassuming title of "An Englishman in Paris," a book<sup>1</sup> has been published within the last few weeks, which throws a flood of light on the inner life of the French capital during the greater part of the reign of Louis Philippe and the whole of the period from his abdication to the end of the Commune in May, 1871. The work is both anonymous and posthumous, but no mistake can be made in ascribing the authorship of it to the late Sir Richard Wallace, who, it is an open secret, was an illegitimate son of that notorious person the third Marquis of Hertford—Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne—and the half-brother of the fourth Marquis and Lord Henry Seymour, both of whom spent most of their lives in the French capital. Throughout the book the identity of the author discloses itself repeatedly. He lives with, travels with, visits with, his "near relative," Lord Hertford. It was in virtue of that relationship that the highest circles were open to him, that he was a guest at Compiègne, the Tuileries, and the Château d'Eu, with the entrée to every great function and the fullest opportunity—as there was with him the keenest zest—for obtaining the best information in regard to every subject of interest or importance. He reveals himself as having for a "near relative" an officer on the staff of General Vinoy, whose aide-de-camp I knew as a young "Capitaine Edmond Richard Wallace," the son of the then Mr. Richard Wallace. Writing of events on the eve of the war, he alludes to a "connection of mine by marriage" who was a general officer *à la suite* of the emperor. One of the few officers who accompanied Napoleon the Third when he came out of Sedan on the morning after the great defeat was pointed out to me as General Castelnau and further described as "the brother-in-law of Richard Wallace;" and Lady Wallace, who still survives to lament the loss of husband and son, is

stated in the baronetage to have been a Castelnau. Such evidence as this is conclusive; and Sir Richard, indeed, has disguised his identity so thinly that he might as well have allowed his name to go on the title-page of his book.

No Frenchman could know his Paris better than this Englishman who was in essentials at least half a Frenchman, and who describes himself on the eve of the Franco-German war as "probably the only foreigner whom Parisians had agreed not to consider an enemy in disguise." Through his pages, in which all moods vibrate from cynicism to sympathy, there defiles a long train of persons of distinction in every sphere—princes, statesmen, grandes dames and famous members of the demi-monde, poets, painters, soldiers, sculptors, authors, officials, boulevardiers, lawyers, detectives; all of whom he knew with greater or less intimacy, all of whom in one sense or other were worth knowing, and of all of whom he has something to tell that is new, bright, engaging, and to use the formula "to the best of deponent's knowledge and belief," true. He had a legitimate and worthy curiosity to learn what the Americans call the "true inwardness" of the incidents and events occurring around him, and the evidence of his pages is fairly strong that he rarely failed to know most things that were to be known.

Perhaps the most prominent figure of his second volume, which concerns itself with the period of the Empire, is the empress. An intimate of the emperor, a frequent visitor to Compiègne, bienvenu in all the ramifications of imperialistic and official circles and coteries, nobody could have better opportunities of judging of the character of Eugénie, and of the nature and weight of her influence on affairs, social and national alike. It is clear that the author considers the empress to have exercised the most important individual impression on the destinies of the Empire. I do not propose to formulate for him the conclusions to which his comments directly point, preferring in part to quote, in part to summarize, those comments, and so leave the reader to

<sup>1</sup> An Englishman in Paris (Notes and Recollections). 2 vols. Chapman & Hall, Lim. 1892.

form therefrom his opinion to what extent the responsibility for the ignoble collapse of the Second Empire rests on her whom the malcontent Parisians were wont to style "the Spanish woman." It is seemly, for obvious reasons, to treat of a bereaved and desolate lady solely in her province as empress, as the social ruler of France, and as the strong consort of a pliable and listless husband; and it is to be regretted that the author has occasionally permitted himself in this respect to transgress boundaries which he might have been expected to recognize. Apart from this his honesty and candor are conspicuous, and of this an illustration may be given. The emperor was fond of ceremonious display, and had set his heart upon his bride having a brilliant escort of fair and illustrious women on her marriage-day. There was no hope of such an escort from the old noblesse; and the honor was declined even by the nobility who owed titles and fortunes to the First Napoleon. There were, it was true, plenty of men and women ready to accept honors and titles in the suite of the brand-new régime, "and to deck out their besmirched though very authentic scutcheons with them; but of these the empress, at any rate, would have none." "Knowing what I do," continues the writer, "of Napoleon's private character, he would willingly have dispensed with the rigidly virtuous woman at the Tuileries, then and afterwards. But at that moment he was perforce obliged" (at the instance of the lady whom he was about to espouse) "to make advances to her, and the rebuffs received in consequence were taken with a sang-froid which made those who administered them wince more than once. At each renewed refusal he was ready with an epigram: "Encore une dame qui n'est pas assez sure de son passé pour braver l'opinion publique;" "Celle-là, c'est la femme de César hors de tout soupçon, comme il y a des criminels qui sont hors la loi;" "Madame de —; il n'y a pas de faux pas dans sa vie, il n'y a qu'un faux papa, le père de ses enfants."

The author dilates freely on the impetuous temper of the parvenue empress. The slightest divergence of opinion was construed into an offence, and all who offended her suffered inexorable ostracism. The result was that in a few years the so-called counsellors around the emperor were simply her abject creatures and puppets, moving solely at her will. Bold men who dared to differ from her and think for themselves were removed or were driven into fierce and bitter opposition, or else voluntarily withdrew from the court "sooner than submit to a tyranny, not based, like that of Catherine the Second or Elizabeth, upon great intellectual gifts, but upon the wayward impulses of a woman in no way distinguished mentally from the rest of her sex, except by an overweening ambition and an equally overweening conceit." Of this tyrannical intolerance he gives several remarkable illustrations. One evening at court a charade was being played, in the course of which some of the amateur performers, of both sexes, threw all decorum to the winds, in their improvised dialogue. In her Majesty's hearing an officer high in favor with her and the emperor gave expression to his disgust at such license of language in presence of the sovereigns. The empress turned upon him with terms of unrefined contempt for his prudishness. "Vous n'êtes pas content, colonel; hé bien! je m'en fiche, refiche et contrefiche" (words which the editor translates, with the remark that his translation inadequately represents the vulgarity of the original, "You don't like it, colonel; well, I don't care a snap, nor two snaps, nor a thousand snaps"). The emperor, with a laugh, applauded his consort; the colonel recognized the situation, and presented himself no more at court. One of the ablest soldiers in the army, he served in Mexico without promotion, and he was still a colonel when, after Gravelotte, he impressed on Bazaine the wisdom of leaving a garrison in Metz and breaking out with the army of the Rhine. I think I am not mistaken in identifying this officer as Colonel Lewal, who subsequently under the

Republic attained high and deserved promotion. Had the Empire lasted, he would probably have remained a colonel to the day of his death.

Boitelle, an honest, shrewd man of the bourgeois type, was a prefect of police in Paris under the Empire. Eugénie, actuated whether by philanthropy or whim, took it into her head to pay a visit to Saint-Lazare, an institution combining the attributes of a hospital and a bridewell for women of the town of the lowest type. Boitelle was requisitioned as cicerone. The empress took exception to the dinner of the inmates, since no dessert crowned the meal. Boitelle's sense of the fitness of things had already been strained, and the plain man blurted out, "Really, madame, you allow your kindness to run away with your good sense. If they are to have a dessert, what are we to give to honest women?" Next day Boitelle was kicked up-stairs into the sinecure of a senatorship; his services, which were valuable, were lost to his department; and to the end of the Empire her Majesty's resentment against him never relented. Her wrath also deprived the bureau of secret police of its upright and conscientious chief, M. Hyrvoix. It was his wont to report daily to the emperor, who gave him his cue by the question, "What do the people say?" The incident narrated by the author—which shall be given in his own words, M. Hyrvoix himself being his authority—occurred at the time when the tidings of the Emperor Maximilian's fate caused in Paris the ominous rumbling of discontent and disaffection.

"What do the people say?" asked Napoleon.

"Well, sire, not only the people, but every one is deeply indignant and disgusted with the consequences of this unfortunate (Mexican) war. They say it is the fault of —"

"The fault of whom?" demanded the emperor.

"Sire," stammered M. Hyrvoix, "in the time of Louis the Sixteenth people said, 'It is the fault of the Austrian woman.'"

"Yes; go on."

"Under Napoleon the Third, people say, 'It is the fault of the Spanish woman.'"

The words had scarcely left Hyrvoix's lips when a door leading to the inner apartments opened and the empress appeared on the threshold. "She looked like a beautiful fury," said Hyrvoix. "She wore a white dressing-gown, her hair was waving on her shoulders, and her eyes shot flames. She hissed, rather than spoke, as she bounded towards me; and, ridiculous as it may seem, I felt afraid for the moment."

"You will please repeat what you said just now, M. Hyrvoix!" she gasped in a voice hoarse with anger.

"Certainly, madame," I replied, "seeing that I am here to speak the truth; and this being so, your Majesty will pardon me. I told the emperor that the Parisians spoke of 'the Spanish woman' as they spoke seventy-five years ago of 'the Austrian woman.'"

"The Spanish woman! the Spanish woman!" she jerked out three or four times—and I could see that her hands were clenched—"I have become French; but I will show my enemies that I can be Spanish when occasion demands it."

With this she left as suddenly as she had come, taking no notice of the emperor's hand uplifted to detain her. The author significantly adds that next morning M. Hyrvoix was relegated to the receiver-generalship of one of the departments—in other words, "exiled to the provinces."

Although quite apart from the specific topic of this article, the interpolation may be pardoned of a pretty little anecdote told by the author of Queen Victoria, when that royal lady visited Paris as the guest of the emperor and empress in 1855. The scene was the ball in the Hôtel de Ville given in her Majesty's honor by the municipality of the capital.

"I remember one little incident," records the author, "which caused a flutter of surprise among the court ladies, who even at that time had already left off dancing in the pretty, old-fashioned style, and merely walked



through their quadrilles. The royal matron of thirty-five executed every step as her dancing-master had taught her, and with none of the listlessness that was supposed to be the 'correct thing.' I was standing close to Canrobert, who was in attendance on the emperor. After watching the queen for a few minutes, he turned to the lady on his arm, and spoke: 'Pardi, elle danse comme ses soldats se battent, "en veux-tu, en voilà;" et correcte jusqu'à la fin.' There never was a greater admirer of the English soldier than Canrobert."

It has hitherto been the generally accepted belief that the actual decision to go to war with Germany was come to at the Cabinet Council which was held on the 14th of July as the result of the communications from Benedetti, and after the emperor had returned to the council-chamber from an interview with the empress, and, in answer to his final anxious question as to the preparedness of the army, had received Lebœuf's confident assurance as to the last soldier's last gaiter-button. But the author of "*The Englishman in Paris*" traverses this impression, and expresses his conviction "that war was decided upon between the imperial couple" so early as between the fifth and sixth of the month. And certainly it seems that he adduces fair reason for the belief he holds. He narrates that early in the afternoon of the former day Lord Lyons, driving into the courtyard of the British Embassy, beckoned him in, and that he had a ten-minutes' interview with the ambassador. He brought away the impression that, although the Duc de Gramont and M. Emile Ollivier chose to bluster in face of the Hohenzollern candidature, there was little or no fear of war, because the emperor was decidedly inclined to peace. Lord Lyons had just returned from an interview with the foreign minister, and expressed himself to the effect that the Duc de Gramont was the last person who ought to conduct the negotiations. "There is," his lordship had remarked, "too much personal animosity between him and Bismarck, owing mainly to the lat-

ter having laughed to scorn his pretensions as a diplomatist when the duke was at Vienna." And he added, "I can understand, though I fail to approve, De Gramont's personal irritation, but cannot account for Ollivier's, and he seems as pugnacious as the other. Nevertheless, I repeat, the whole of this will blow over; William is too wise a man to go to war on such a pretext, and the emperor is too ill not to want peace. I wish the empress would leave him alone." Most writers who have dealt with this period have regarded Ollivier's attitude as the reverse of that described by Lord Lyons, who, however, could scarcely have been mistaken.

On this same day, the 5th of July, two ministerial councils were held at Saint-Cloud, at both of which the emperor presided. Apart from the author, there is a certain amount of evidence that when the latter of those councils rose the emperor's sentiments were still in favor of peace. But he is able to strengthen this evidence, indirectly it is true, but in a very significant way. It is of course well known that Napoleon the Third had for years been suffering acutely from the painful and debilitating disorder which ultimately caused his death. So worn was he by it that, in the author's words, "he was weary, body and soul, and but for his wife and son he would, perhaps willingly, have abdicated." About the beginning of the month his condition had become so grave that a consultation of the leading French specialists was held, resulting in the unanimous opinion that an immediate operation was absolutely necessary. The professional report to this effect was, however, the author states, not communicated to the empress, and indeed it was only after the emperor's death that the document was found at Camden Place. The consultation was kept a secret, but the author knew of it from Dr. Ricord, who was one of the specialists composing it and the author's intimate friend. In favor of the view that the emperor was looking forward to an immediate operation, and that therefore it was ex-

trremely improbable that he should be desirous of war, he adduces the following incident. "On the evening of the 5th of July, while the second council of ministers was being held, the emperor sent one of his aides-de-camp to my house for the exact address of Mr. Prescott Hewett,<sup>1</sup> the eminent English surgeon. I was not at home, and on my return an hour later sent the address by telegraph to Saint-Cloud. I have since learnt that on the same night a telegram was sent to London inquiring of Mr. Hewett when it would be convenient for him to hold a consultation in Paris, and that an appointment was made." It has to be said that this summons might obviously have resulted from a desire on the emperor's part to have the opinion of an eminent and independent foreign surgeon as to whether he would be able to endure the fatigue and exertion of a campaign. Mr. Hewett did visit the illustrious patient, but not until after he had been some time in the field, and had suffered severely in body and mind. His condition in both respects is thus reported in a letter from an eye-witness to the author. "The emperor is in a very bad state; after Saarbrück Lebrun and Leboeuf had virtually to lift him off his horse. The prince imperial, who had been by his side all the time, looked very distressed, for his father had scarcely spoken to him during the engagement. But after they got into the carriage the emperor put his arm round his neck and kissed him on the cheeks, while two large tears rolled down his own. I noticed that the emperor had scarcely strength to walk the dozen yards to his carriage."

But to follow the thread of the author's evidence that Napoleon 'verted or was perverted from peace to war during the night between the 5th and 6th of July. On the morning of the latter day there was a third council of ministers, for the purpose of framing the answer to M. Cocheri's interpellation regarding the Hohenzollern candidature. The same afternoon the author

met Joseph Ferrari, the intimate of Emile Ollivier's brothers, and so a likely man to have exclusive information. "It is all over," said Ferrari, "and unless a miracle happens we'll have war in less than a fortnight. Wait for another hour, and then you'll see the effect of De Gramont's answer to Cocheri's interpellation in the Chamber." "But," remarked the author, "about this time I was positively assured, and on the best authority, that the emperor was absolutely opposed to any but a pacific remonstrance." "Your information was perfectly correct," replied Ferrari, "and as late as ten o'clock last night, at the termination of the second council of ministers, his sentiments underwent no change. Immediately after that, the empress had a conversation with the emperor, which I know for certain lasted till one o'clock in the morning. The result of this conversation is the answer the text of which you will see directly, and which is tantamount to a challenge to Prussia. Mark my words, the empress will not cease from troubling until she has driven France into a war with the only great Protestant power on the Continent. . . . It is the empress who will prove the ruin of France!" How well informed was Ferrari as to the tone of the ministerial answer to Cocheri's interpellation its specific terms show. "We do not believe" (so spoke De Gramont in the Chamber) "that respect for the rights of a neighboring people obliges us to endure patiently that a foreign power, by placing one of her own princes upon the throne of Charles the Fifth, should disturb to our prejudice the existing balance of power in Europe, and endanger the interests and honor of France. This contingency we hope will not occur. But if it should be otherwise, we all know, gentlemen, strong in your support and in that of the nation, how to do our duty without fear and without hesitation."

The author pays a well-merited tribute to the strong good sense and high statesmanship of Lord Lyons in his relations with the empress. While the Italian and Austrian ambassadors

<sup>1</sup> The late Sir Prescott G. Hewett, Bart.

stooped almost to seem her creatures, and flattered her *amour-propre* by constantly appealing to her, the representative of Great Britain courteously but steadfastly declined to be drawn out by the empress in regard to diplomatic affairs. He paid the due tribute of respect to the woman and the sovereign, but he tacitly refrained from regarding her as a participant in the affairs of international politics, and in his quiet manner had little respect for those of his colleagues who were swayed by her influence. "I do not know," he writes, "whether Lord Lyons will leave behind any 'Memoirs,'<sup>1</sup> but if he does we shall probably get not only nothing but the truth, but the whole truth with regard to the share of the empress in determining the war; and we shall find that the war was not decided upon between the imperial couple between the 14th and 15th of July, '70, but between the 5th and 6th." If the author is right (and he speaks with show of authority), the emperor, far from being zealous for war, was in regard to that enterprise the creature at once and the victim of his imperious consort. On the information of one who was scarcely ever at this time away from the side of Napoleon, he describes that unfortunate man as racked with anxiety, not as to the issues of war, which he thought himself able to prevent up to the night of the 5th of July, but as to the consequences of peace. For he realized that the Republican minority, strengthened by recent accessions and by the ominous result of the plébiscite, was striving, not to spur the emperor on to war, but to make him keep a peace which it would have vituperated as humiliating to France, seizing on the opening to deride the Empire as too feeble or too pusillanimous to guard the national honor. And the empress unwillingly played into the hand of the minority. Her the author represents as urging on the war with Germany with the intent

of saving to her son the crown which she knew to rest precariously on her husband's head; and he holds that the Republicans considered that the war which she favored would serve their turn nearly as well as peace, since war would give them the opportunity to denounce the iniquity of standing armies, and the phases of it would expose that corruption and deterioration of the French army of which they were well aware. That the Republicans were prepared to go to great lengths for the subversion of the Empire is no doubt true; but it must be said that the author discloses an animus which weakens the force of his arguments when he allows himself to write that "this is tantamount to an indictment (against the Republicans) of having deliberately contributed to the temporary ruin of their country for political purposes, and such I intend it to be." That aspersion goes to water when the heroic defence of Republican France after the revolution of the 4th of September is remembered.

Before the emperor left Paris for the seat of war, the reaction from the wild ebullitions of the earlier moments had already manifested itself to the keen observation of the author. Shrewd and sometimes cynical men, even of the imperial entourage, were allowing themselves to speak their minds. The author cites some utterances of a connection of his by marriage, who is described as a frequent and welcome guest at the Tuileries, and who may safely be identified as General Castelnau. This personage frankly owned that, but for his fine voice and skill in leading the cotillon, he would probably never have risen beyond the rank of captain. Records of service were never looked into as a criterion for promotion. "A clever answer to a question by the emperor, a handsome face and pleasing manners, are sufficient to establish a reputation at the Château. The officials take particular care not to rectify those impulsive judgments of the emperor and empress, because they know that careful enquiries into the merits of candidates would hurt their own protégés. All the favorites burn with jealousy of each

<sup>1</sup> Lord Lyons predeceased Sir Richard Wallace, but there is internal evidence that the latter wrote his "Recollections" during the lifetime of that nobleman, and he presumably did not give himself the trouble to revise them in regard to such passages as the above.

other; and this jealousy will now lead to disastrous results, because the emperor will find it as difficult to comply with as to refuse their individual extravagant demands." Colonel Stoffel, it is well known, was reprimanded by Lebœuf for writing so strongly from Berlin of the magnificent efficiency of the Prussian army, because the minister and his light-hearted companions objected to be harassed in their frivolities by mistrust on the emperor's part of their soldierly capacity. "*Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand . . . Où le père a passé, passera bien l'enfant,*" was their creed, and they continued to dance, flirt, and intrigue for gilded places. "'There are no bad regiments, only bad colonels,' said the first Napoleon; in the opinion of those gentlemen, there were no bad colonels, except perhaps those who did not constantly jingle their spurs on the carpeted floors of the empress's boudoir and the parqueted arena of the empress's ballroom. And she applauded the vapourings of those misguided men. "*Le courage fait tout*" had been the motto for nearly a score of years at the Tuileries. It did a good deal in the comedies à la Marivaux, in the Boccaccian charades that had been enacted there during that time; she had yet to learn that it would avail little or nothing in the Homeric struggle which was impending."

The author indirectly but unmistakably conveys the impression that the empress was urgent for her husband to take the field in person, notwithstanding his wretched state of health, because of her eagerness for the regency; in his own words, "the empress always showed herself exceedingly anxious to exercise the functions of regent." According to him, this desire was manifested so early as the Crimean war period. It is matter of history that the emperor more than once expressed his intention of taking the command of his army on the Chersonese. His ministers strongly dissuaded him; similar advice came from high officers in the field; Lord Clarendon quietly but strongly combated the project; and Queen Victoria, to whom the idea was broached during her visit to Paris, threw cold water on

it. But, writes the author, the empress encouraged it to her utmost. "I fail to see," he states that she said to our sovereign, "that he would be exposed to greater dangers there than elsewhere." It was, he continues, the prospect of the regency, not of the glory that her consort might earn, that appealed to the empress, for she had no more sympathy with the object of that war than with that of the contest against Austria in 1859. During the absence of the emperor in the field in the latter year the regency was vested in her; and her coterie of both sexes openly discounted the political effect of every victory. Austria, according to them, would be granted peace at the cost of few sacrifices, for she was a Conservative and Catholic power, and therefore did not deserve abject humiliation. And the author asserts it as a positive fact within his own knowledge that "the emperor was actually compelled to suspend operations after Solferino, because the minister for war had ceased to send reinforcements and ammunition by order of the regent." Eugénie's regency of 1865, during the emperor's absence in Algeria, while not in itself disastrous, the author characterizes as fraught with disastrous consequences for the future. It gave the empress the political importance she had been coveting for years; and henceforth she was habitually present at the councils of ministers, who did not fail to inform her of matters which have been solely for the ear of the head of the State. Ollivier in this respect repudiated the precedent set by his predecessors, and avoided informing the empress on State affairs. It was, says the author, an open secret that the regent was determined, on the first French victory, to dismiss Ollivier and his Cabinet. No French victory came, but fast on the heels of the first French disasters Ollivier was succeeded by the more facile Palikao.

It was also immediately after the reverses at the Spicheren and Wörth, on the 6th of August, that, according to the author and in his own words, "the entourage of the empress began to think of saving the empire by sacrificing, if

needs be, the emperor." He quotes a remark made by a lady-in-waiting to a near relative of his own: "There is only one thing that can avert the ruin of the dynasty, and that is the death of the emperor at the head of his troops. That death would be considered a heroic one, and would benefit the prince imperial." The author does not pretend to determine "how far the empress shared that opinion," contenting himself with stating some facts, for the truth of which he "can unhesitatingly vouch," and which he rightly regards as not generally known up to the period at which he wrote. They are not, indeed, generally known to-day — although some of them are not unfamiliar to those who have made a special study of the subject — and tend in some measure to confirm the statements made by the author. The empress was aware that the emperor had long been the victim of a cruel disorder; and immediately after the disasters named, the younger Pietri, the emperor's private secretary, informed her by telegraph that the disease had been seriously aggravated by his Majesty's having undergone much riding on horseback since joining the army. He added that the emperor was not disinclined to return to Paris, resigning the command of the army of the Rhine, but that he required some semblance of pressure put on him to save appearances. The author claims to have had this information from the lips of the elder Pietri, then prefect of police in Paris. There is no reason to doubt this; this telegram is extant; it is part of the same confidential message which suggested that Bazaine instead of his master should be thrown to the wolves; to quote its own genial terms, "If misfortune should still pursue the army, Bazaine then," the command having been devolved upon him, "would be the victim of obloquy, and so take the onus of responsibility off the emperor's shoulders." Within twenty-four hours after the despatch of this message, Lebœuf is stated by the author to have proposed to the emperor that he should return to Paris, accompanied by Lebœuf himself, leaving the army of the Rhine to attempt under

another head to retrieve the situation by hard fighting. But the emperor "sadly shook his head," and declared that he could not quit the field in view of the double defeat the army had suffered under his leadership. What then, asks the author, had happened in the twenty-four hours immediately following the despatch of Pietri's message? And he answers thus his own question: "Simply this: not only had the empress refused to exercise the pressure which would have afforded her husband an excuse for his return, but she had thrown cold water on the idea of that return by a despatch virtually discountenancing that return."

Her telegram is in evidence, although apparently the author was not cognizant of its specific terms. It runs thus: "Have you well reflected on the consequences of your return under adverse circumstances? I dare not advise one way or the other. If you come, it must be as the organizer of a new army. Your best friends here consider your return dangerous." And there are known later circumstances, also seemingly unknown to him, which strengthen the credibility of the author in regard to this matter. When Napoleon reached Châlons, Trochu was there; Trochu was in great popularity with the Parisians; and the emperor proposed that Trochu should take the turbulent Mobile Guards of Paris back to the capital, and pave the way for the speedy and safe return of the imperial sufferer, who was certainly when at Châlons in no better physical case than he had been earlier in Lorraine. Trochu accepted the mission, returned to Paris, and informed the empress of his errand. It was then that the empress expedited to her afflicted husband the following telegram: —

"To the emperor. — Do not think of returning here unless you wish to kindle a fearful revolution. This is the advice of Rouher and Chevreau, whom I have seen this morning. People here would say that you were running away from danger. Do not forget that the departure of Prince Napoleon from the army in the Crimea has affected his whole life. — Eugénie."



The authenticity of this message has not been questioned; Count d'Hérisson found the draft of it on the writing-table of the empress after she had left the Tuileries. Notwithstanding its terms, the emperor persisted in his intention of returning to the capital. M. Rouher was sent to dissuade him, and Napoleon yielded to his earnest and doubtless sincere representations. He went away with MacMahon to Sedan and captivity, and the revolution occurred all the same.

There may have been sound reasons for keeping the emperor away from Paris; but it is difficult to imagine any motive in common humanity, not to speak of tenderness, for enforcing a stay with an army in the field of a boy of fourteen, of weak physique, whose nerves had been strained by the bullet-fire at Saarbrück. It is known that when the news of the disasters of August were made public in Paris, Ollivier telegraphed officially to the imperial headquarters at Metz to request the return of the prince imperial, in accordance with the general wish expressed in the Paris press. "On this same day," writes the author, "M. Pietri (the elder) told me that the minister's telegram had been followed by one in the empress's private cypher, expressing her desire that the prince should remain with the army. She did not explain why." The author's statement is perfectly correct; the precise terms of the empress's cypher-message were as follows: "For reasons which I cannot here explain, I wish Louis to remain with the army." The boy finally left his father in the Ardennes a few days before the battle of Sedan, and underwent many vicissitudes and some danger before, by way of Belgium, he reached England a week after that catastrophe.

The author vouches for an episode which is new to me, illustrating yet further the reluctance of the empress-regent that the emperor should quit the army in the field. On the 7th of August, the day after Wörth and the Spicheren, the Cabinet despatched by special train to Metz M. Maurice Richard, the minister of arts, to inquire into the emperor's state of health and the degree

of confidence with which he inspired the troops. Of this mission the author mentions that he was informed by the premier's brother within two hours after Richard's departure. The latter returned to Paris next day, bringing back the worst possible news. In view of those tidings, Ollivier, at a council of ministers held on the 9th, urged the immediate return of the emperor, in the assurance of support from his colleague who had been to Metz. The empress energetically opposed the proposal, "and when Ollivier turned, as it were, to M. Richard, the latter kept ominously silent. Not to mince matters, he had been tampered with. Ollivier found himself absolutely powerless."

This article may fitly close with the author's elaborate analysis of the character of Eugénie in her position as empress, expressed in his own words. "That playful cry of the empress, which she was so fond of uttering in the beginning of her married life,—*'As for myself, I am a Legitimist'*"—without understanding or endeavoring to understand its import, had gradually grafted itself on her mind, although it had ceased to be on her lips. Impatient of contradiction, self-willed and tyrannical both by nature and training, her sudden and marvellous elevation to one of the proudest positions in Europe could not fail to strengthen those defects of character. Superstitious, like most Spaniards, she was firmly convinced that the gipsy who foretold her future greatness was a divine messenger, and from that to the conviction that she occupied the throne by a right as divine as that claimed by the Bourbons there was but one short step. A corollary to divine right meant, to her, personal and irresponsible government. That was her idea of legitimism. Though by no means endowed with high intellectual gifts, she perceived well enough, in the beginning, that the Second Empire was not a very stable edifice, either with regard to its foundations or its superstructure; and until England propped it up with an alliance and a State visit from our sovereign, she kept remark-

ably coy. But from that moment she aspired to be something more than the arbiter of fashion. As I have already said, she failed in prevailing on the emperor to go to the Crimea. In '59 she was more successful, and in '65 she was more successful still. In the former year she laid the foundation of what was called the empress's party; in the latter the scaffolding was removed from the structure, and thenceforth the work was done inside. She, no more than her surroundings, had the remotest idea that France was gradually undergoing a political change, that she was recovering her constitutional rights. Her party was like the hare in the fable that used the wrong end of the opera-glass, and they lived in a fool's paradise with regard to the distance that divided them from the sportsman, until he was fairly upon them in the shape of the liberal ministry of the 2nd of January, 1870."

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

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From The Church Quarterly Review.  
MISS MOZLEY'S ESSAYS.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN Anne Mozley died last summer, at the ripe age of eighty-two, one of our few remaining links with the early days of the Oxford movement was broken. Leading as she did for many years a hidden life in her quiet Derbyshire home, Miss Mozley was almost forgotten by the world. Few of us were aware that we had lost one of the ablest women of her generation, or realized how large a store of precious recollections passed away with her into silence. Her whole existence was bound up with the Tractarian movement. She had shared in all its struggles and lived through all its phases. The enthusiasm of its early triumphs, the deep sadness of its disappointments, its crushing sorrows and reverses, she had known them all. And she had lived long enough to see the seed sown in those dark days

bear fruit in the final triumph of its principles and the wide-spread revival of religious life in the Church of the present day. Her own share in helping forward the movement was no small one. As the editor of her brother Dr. James Mozley's "Sermons and Essays," and still more recently of Cardinal Newman's correspondence, Anne Mozley deserves a place among the members of that famous group.

These memories lend a special interest to the brief memoir by her sister Fanny and the reminiscences by the Bishop of Salisbury, which preface the volume of Miss Mozley's "Essays" now given to the public. "It would," says the writer of the memoir, "have unfeignedly surprised the author of the following essays had she, at any period of her long and quiet life, imagined that a memoir of her would some day be written for perusal by general readers" (p. vii.). Yet she was in many respects a remarkable woman, worthy of the remarkable family to which she belonged and of the distinguished men whose intimacy she enjoyed.

Almost the whole of her life was spent either at Derby or at the neighboring village of Barrow-on-Trent. But from the age of sixteen, when her elder brother, Thomas Mozley, went up to Oriel in 1825, she was brought into close connection with the intellectual life of Oxford, and became familiar with the men of light and leading who were before long to influence the whole tone of religious thought in England. In 1832 she kept house for her brother at Buckland, a small parish near Oxford of which he had charge, for a short time, and during those few months she formed that close friendship with Mr. Newman and his family which was to last throughout her life. The two sisters of Mr. Newman married two of her brothers, and one of them, Mrs. John Mozley, became for many years her daily companion at Derby. This tenderly loved sister-in-law was the Jemima so often mentioned in Cardinal Newman's correspondence, the sister who entered so closely into his deepest trials, and to whom he addressed those

<sup>1</sup> Essays from *Blackwood*. By the late Anne Mozley, author of "Essays on Social Subjects," editor of "The Letters and Correspondence of Cardinal Newman," "Letters of Rev. J. B. Mozley," etc. London, 1892.

most pathetic letters on the eve of leaving the Church of his fathers. Anne Mozley herself was frequently a guest at Mrs. Newman's house at Littlemore, and fifty years afterwards she would recall, with singular vividness, the walks and talks, the little details and incidents, of those eventful days. And when in 1875 she once more visited those familiar scenes, and saw again the church Dr. Newman had built, and the people to whom he had ministered, she was the bearer of many kindly messages with which he had charged her for the old men and women who loved and remembered him so well.

But Miss Mozley, little as the general circle of her acquaintance was aware of the fact, had also an independent career of her own in literature. Her achievements in this field would have been sufficient to win considerable reputation had she cared for literary fame. But she shrank from notoriety of any kind, and preferred to keep her regular literary work a secret from all but the members of her own family.

With a mind continually at work, Anne Mozley's outward life was an exclusively family and social one. Though writing and literary work had been her occupation for many years, no one out of her own family circle knew or even suspected it. Her mind, when she came down-stairs from the labor of the desk, was so free from apparent pre-occupation; her manner was so open, so genial; her interest in home affairs, in the lives of her friends, in public events, in the thoughts and discussions of the day, was so vivid, that suspicion was disarmed as to her having another world of her own, which for a great part of the day was indeed the world that interested her (p. vii.).

Miss Mozley's original work began in 1840. She joined heartily in the movement then set on foot to improve literature for children, and wrote a series of bright and telling stories for the young. One of these was a tale of the third century, entitled "The Captive Maiden," which became very popular and had a wide circulation. With the same object she published several volumes of poetical selections. One of these, called "Passages from the Poets,"

appeared as early as 1837. Another volume, which bore the title of "Church Poetry" appeared in 1843, and was followed in 1845 by one called "Days and Seasons." Both of these reached a third edition. At the same time she became the editor of that very successful periodical, the *Magazine for the Young*, which Miss Yonge describes as one of the first ventures of the lovers of the Church in the way of popularizing their teaching. For many years these little twopenny pink numbers held their place in the affections of the rising generation, and, under Miss Mozley's direction, admirably fulfilled their purpose. The editor herself only contributed two little essays to the magazine, one on cleanliness, the other on spending money; but her keen insight and talent for selection was shown in her admirable choice of contributors, and she deserves the credit of having introduced the earliest writings of the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe" to the world in the pages of this periodical.

In the year 1847 Miss Mozley began to write reviews for the *Christian Remembrancer*, of which her brother James and Mr. William Scott of Hoxton were for many years the joint editors, and continued one of its most regular contributors until it came to an end in 1868. The long series of articles from her pen are all written in the same clear and polished style, and all show the same thorough knowledge of English literature. Some of them—as, for instance, the critiques on Gray and Wordsworth—are admirable examples of literary judgment. Others are rather noteworthy as affording us an interesting glimpse of the attitude with which Browning, for instance, was regarded by his most cultured contemporaries in those days. "Paracelsus," Miss Mozley frankly owned, puzzled her, as it did most of the ardent young poet's early critics; and although in after years she recognized the genuine inspiration of his song, and occasionally refers to his shorter poems, she never gave him her full measure of admiration and sympathy. Of some of Mrs. Browning's poetry she always speaks warmly, but

neither "Aurora Leigh" nor many of the ballads were to her taste. In Tennyson's poetry, on the other hand, she took great delight, and the frequency with which she quotes his lines shows that he held a place in her affections little below her favorite Lake poets.

Besides writing these careful studies of English authors for the *Christian Remembrancer*, Miss Mozley was during many years a constant contributor both to *Blackwood* and to the *Saturday Review*. In 1864 some of her early contributions to the latter journal were republished in two volumes under the title of "Essays on Social Subjects," with the following motto for their text: "That man sat down to write a book to tell the world what the world had all his life been telling him." These "Essays," as the name implies, treat of subjects which concern readers of all sorts and conditions, and in this manner appeal to a wider circle than exclusively literary studies. But whatever her subject may be, she has always something new and original to tell us, some striking remark to make, which arrests our attention at the time and afterwards recurs to our memory with fresh force. Not only are the essays on general subjects very pleasant to read, not only does their easy, flowing style carry us on, wherever we happen to open the book, but the writer possesses the happy knack of lifting the dullest and most trivial questions out of their dreary surroundings, and illuminating them with a touch of elevating thought.

They were largely read at the time of their publication, and one of the volumes reached the honors of a second edition. But the name of the author was not made public, and in spite of many guesses at the authorship that all fell equally wide of the mark, the secret was never revealed during Miss Mozley's lifetime. So modestly and quietly indeed did she carry on her literary work that even her nearest neighbors remained unaware of the fact. This engrossing pursuit never absorbed her time and thoughts altogether. She taught a class of young women on Sunday, and won the hearts of her scholars

by her sympathy and genuine interest in their welfare. And she devoted much time in her younger days to church needlework, and "planned and executed delicate and tasteful embroidery for churches with the help of Pugin's book on mediæval art, when as yet such accomplishments were wholly unknown" (p. xi.).

The first break in the family circle at Derby of which Miss Mozley was so important a member did not come till 1867, when her mother died. Then Anne and her younger sister Elizabeth found a new home in the pretty village of Barrow, on the banks of the broad river Trent. The recollection of that peaceful country home, the sweet beauty of its green lawn and blossoming fruit-trees, together with the kindly welcome and delightful company that were always to be found there, will not soon pass away. The charm of the place made itself felt by all. It was in its way a perfectly ideal home.

"The conversation at Barrow," says the present Bishop of Salisbury in the recollections of Miss Mozley which he has added to her sister's memoir, "was as good as anything in Miss Austen's novels — better, indeed, for it was more sympathetic and involved a continual recognition of the mysteries of life and the truths of religion" (p. xviii.).

Miss Mozley's literary labors, her friendship with some of the most cultivated and powerful minds of her generation, kept her in full sympathy with the intellectual life of the day. Her interest in current thought, in distinguished political and literary personalities, never flagged. She was always ready to discuss the social problems of the times, the latest novel or review that was the talk of the hour, and just as willing to turn from these sympathetic listeners to speak of the old days at Oxford and Littlemore, of the great cardinal, and of her own brother James. Then her eyes, always remarkable for their peculiar brightness, would shine with a more tender light and her voice would thrill with emotion, as she recalled the stirring memories and intimate friends of her youth. The

humility and unworldliness which were so marked a feature in many of the early followers of the Tractarian movement, the companions of Keble and Pusey, were apparent in every detail of her life. She visited the sick and helped the poor in the villages, and taught her Sunday class with as much regularity and patience as if she had no occupations or interests outside the bounds of the parish.

It was during her residence at Barrow that Miss Mozley edited the works of her brother, Dr. James Mozley, Regius professor of divinity at Oxford from 1871 to 1878. The service which she thereby rendered to the Church and the world at large deserves our undying gratitude. Until the publication of this remarkable series of works Dr. Mozley's powerful genius was little appreciated outside his university, and hardly realized in all its fulness at Oxford itself. The originality and solidity of his thought was curiously at variance with his want of fluency in giving utterance to his ideas and the difficulty which he had in disentangling them, while his fastidiousness in deciding the choice of a word or the structure of a phrase placed another hindrance in his way. Ordinary acquaintances little dreamt what burning enthusiasm and poetry, what undaunted courage and energy were hidden under that apparently cold exterior and stammering address. In his young Oxford days James Mozley's figure had been thrown into the shade by his more brilliant contemporaries, but all along he was closely associated with the leaders of the movement, and remained the intimate friend of Dr. Newman and Dr. Pusey to the end. When the great shock of 1845 came, no one felt the blow more keenly than he did. But his loyalty to his own Church never wavered, and Dean Church has lately reminded us how much his comrades owed in that dark hour to his brave and inspiring words. In 1856 he married and took the living of Shoreham, and it was not till 1871 that he came back to Oxford, when Mr. Gladstone appointed him Regius professor of divinity.

It was some time before Dr. Mozley could feel himself at home in this changed and altered atmosphere. Modern Oxford at first seemed to him so altogether new, so unlike anything that he remembered. The strangeness of his surroundings oppressed him, and he often asked his sister if it were his own fancy, or if the undergraduates of the rising generation did not appear to her singularly young and childish in their tastes. Miss Mozley herself, who had the warmest affection for her brother, and who understood better, perhaps, than any one else all the splendor of his intellect, was naturally anxious that his merits should be recognized, and that he should himself do full justice to his own powers. "As an elder sister," writes the present Bishop of Salisbury, "she had not only a most unselfish love for him, and an abundant and discriminating admiration of his powers and writings, but a tender solicitude that he should shine and be appreciated under these new conditions." But his wife's death in 1872 was a shock from which he never recovered. Three years later he had a slight attack of paralysis, and in the spring of 1876 he left Oxford, in the hope that change of air and scene might restore his strength. During this enforced period of inactivity his lectures were delivered by Mr. Wordsworth, whose valuable services were placed at Dr. Mozley's disposal with the greatest readiness and affection. At the same time, Miss Mozley herself undertook the task of revising and editing her brother's work. "Her part," writes the Bishop of Salisbury, "was to bring before the world that remarkable series of writings which were to many a revelation (alas! all too tardy), of the existence in their midst of a brilliant intellect of the first order on the side of faith." The task with her was a labor of love, and could hardly have been accomplished without her previous experience in this line.

First of all came the famous volume of "University Sermons." His sisters had long been anxious that these sermons should be published, and when, in the spring of 1875, Anne Mozley paid



her brother a visit at Christ Church her sister Fanny wrote to her, "If you can persuade James to publish his sermons you will have done a good work in going to Oxford." As might be expected, she lost no opportunity of urging the point upon him, and although at the time Dr. Mozley still shrank from the effort, her representations were not thrown away. Immediately after his seizure in the following November, he resolved to delay the publication no longer, and wrote to Messrs. Rivington on the subject, saying that his sister would carry on the necessary correspondence. The book appeared in May, 1876, and by July not a single copy of the first edition remained to be had. Seldom indeed has a single volume of sermons gained such instantaneous and complete hold of the public mind. The press was unanimous in its verdict of praise and in the homage which it paid to the author's powers. Mr. Gladstone, who had given Dr. Mozley the first piece of patronage at his disposal in 1869—a canonry at Worcester—and had afterwards recommended him for the post of Regius professor of divinity at Oxford, sent the volume to a friend with the remark that no such sermons had appeared since those of Newman. The warmth of his praise found an echo in many hearts, and another old friend, Lord Blachford, wrote that the sermons seemed to him to combine the dry wit of Bishop Butler and the rich expansion of Newman with the searching judgment of both. It is less generally known that the titles of these sermons, as well as those of the later series of "Parochial Sermons," were chosen by Miss Mozley. Such forcible and expressive titles as "The Reversal of Human Judgment," "Our Duty to Equals," "The Unspoken Judgment of Mankind," "The Relief of Utterance," "The Teaching of Events," "The Strength of Wishes," "The Secret Justice of Temporal Providence," "Life a Probation," are happy instances of her powers of discernment and selection.

This volume was followed in 1877 by another entitled "Ruling Ideas in Early Ages," being a course of lectures on the

moral difficulties of the Old Testament, delivered to a class of Oxford graduates. Dr. Mozley himself took deep interest in these lectures, which he often told his sister had been a source of the greatest pleasure and benefit to himself, and spoke with strong regard of the members who had attended them, many of whom now occupy high positions in the Church.

Meanwhile Dr. Mozley's strength was rapidly failing. On November 22, 1877, he wrote his last letter to his sister, beginning with the words, "I beg to congratulate you on a new edition of 'Ruling Ideas.'" A few weeks later came a final seizure, which ended his life on the 4th of January, 1878.

But his death was not allowed to interrupt the publication of his works. His sister persevered bravely in her task, and with the help of Mr. Wordsworth, whose warm regard for her brother, and just appreciation of his powers, had from the first won her confidence, the two volumes of "Essays Historical and Theological" were now given to the world. These brilliant reviews which had been originally contributed to the *British Critic* and *Christian Remembrancer*, appeared before the close of the year with a graceful dedication to Mr. Wordsworth, "the valued friend of later years, whose name the author would have gladly seen thus connected with his own," and an introductory sketch from the editor's own pen.

The introduction to the Essays [writes Bishop Wordsworth] is a charming sketch of her brother's life . . . which has always seemed to me to be one of the most beautiful pieces of work of this kind with which I am acquainted. It is admirable for its truth and discrimination, as well as for its delicate touch and warmth of reserved affection. The skill of the trained artist and analyst of character is made at once more direct in its strokes and more fine in its delineations by the recollections of a life-long love (p. xix.).

Another article from the *Christian Remembrancer*, on Dr. Newman's "Essay on Development," was afterwards republished in a separate form by Miss

Mozley at the request of some Oxford friends who were anxious to counteract the influence exercised by Newman's argument in drawing young men to Rome. Next came, in 1879, the "Sermons Parochial and Occasional," and another volume of "Lectures and other Theological Papers," consisting chiefly of the lectures delivered in the Latin Chapel, and in the compilation of which the Bishop of Salisbury had a large share. Finally, in the year 1884, came the last of the series, the volume of "Letters," which surprised many even of the friends who had known Dr. Mozley intimately by their liveliness and spirit, by the vivid way in which contemporary events are described and the keen interest they reveal in the small incidents of domestic life, "concerns of the particular hearth and home." In acknowledging the copy of this work which Miss Mozley had sent him, Cardinal Newman wrote, "James would have reason to say with Queen Katharine, 'After my death I wish no other herald but such an honest chronicler as Griffith,' and that because you have let him speak for himself." The book, in fact, answered in its form and plan to his idea of a biography. Many years before he had expressed his feelings on this point in a letter to his sister, Mrs. John Mozley.

It has ever been a hobby of mine, though perhaps it is a truism, not a hobby, that the true life of a man is in his letters . . . Not only for the interest of a biography, but for arriving at the inside of things, the publication of letters is the true method. Biographers varnish; they assign motives, they conjecture feelings, they interpret Lord Burleigh's nods; but contemporary letters are facts.

The admirable manner in which Miss Mozley had fulfilled the task of editing her brother's letters no doubt influenced the cardinal himself in his choice of an editor for his own correspondence. In the same letter (November 20, 1884), in which he thanks her for her brother's "Letters," he asks her to undertake the task of illustrating his brief memoir of his life up to 1833, with letters of his own, and of his family and friends be-

longing to this period. The commission was wholly unexpected, and at first Miss Mozley shrank with natural diffidence from undertaking so great and important a work. "Such a task," she says herself — "the task of placing one of the foremost men of his day before the world — was too strange and undreamt of to be understood." But she was soon made to realize that, owing to her relationship with Cardinal Newman's sister, and the intimate knowledge of those bygone days, there was no one else living who had access to the family records and could do the work with the same freedom and accuracy. Accordingly she yielded to his wish, and in February, 1885, the task was finally committed to her with the words, "I wish you to keep steadily in mind, and when you publish to make it known, that I am cognizant of no part of your work." And in a letter written a month later Cardinal Newman quotes Miss Mozley's own words as accepting the rule then laid down for her guidance — "your own letters to be brought into use, with every document you send me, all to be as true and simple as I can make it."

For the remainder of Anne Mozley's life, the work of editing Cardinal Newman's letters from early youth until the day when he left the English Church, became her great and abiding interest. She made her selection from the vast store of materials placed in her hands towards the close of 1884, and returned the papers to Cardinal Newman in the summer of 1887, after which other collections of letters from different friends were placed at her disposal, and much had to be added. But troubles and difficulties, loss of friends and relatives, came in the way of pursuing her task first, and then a fall and badly broken arm, then a still heavier calamity, partial loss of sight, which led to almost total blindness during the last two years of her life. This last misfortune compelled her to give up her country home at Barrow and return to Derby, where her younger sisters were living. The change had become imperative, for she soon became absolutely dependent on

others. But in spite of all these difficulties, in spite of blindness and sorrows, she persevered loyally with her sacred task, and was able to place the volumes before the public a few months after the great cardinal's death, in obedience to his original intention and lately expressed wish.

These invaluable letters, having already been the subject of an article in this review, we have only now to add that all through Miss Mozley makes us feel the holiness and beauty of character in which the true secret of Newman's influence lay, and share the certainty of her conviction that under all changes of thought and circumstances his truth, sincerity, and disinterestedness were absolutely unaltered. The book, indeed, is, to quote the Bishop of Salisbury's words,

a wonderful one; wonderful for its sympathy and fidelity, wonderful for its reserve and unreserve; wonderful for its grasp of detail and its breadth of good sense. English Churchmen have to thank Miss Mozley for many things, but this last gift is, perhaps, the greatest, for it enables them to understand, to sympathize with and admire the character of Newman, and yet to perceive its inherent weakness and its grave defects. These volumes are so transparently fair, and based upon such full materials, that the judgment deduced from them must be final (p. xx.).

The literary powers displayed by Miss Mozley in her editorial capacity, and especially in this her last and greatest work, would have been sufficient to arouse the interest of English Churchmen in this volume of her original writings which has now been published.

But these "Essays" are so eminently suggestive and readable, so full of wit and humor and wisdom, that they have already found their way into a wider circle, and have been cordially welcomed by the general public. Critics of the most varied kind have been unanimous in their praise, and have hastened to do justice to their high literary excellence.

The present volume contains eight separate essays, originally contributed to *Blackwood*, and one still more remarkable which appeared in the autumn

of 1859, in the short-lived magazine known as *Bentley's Quarterly*. This was the review on "Adam Bede," which was pronounced by George Eliot to be the best notice of her book that she had seen. Miss Mozley's quick sympathy had at once recognized the genius of this new and unknown writer, whose voice appealed so powerfully to the men and women of the day. At a time when George Eliot's personality was a mystery to all, her unerring glance rightly divined the secret of her sex, and she gives a whole string of reasons in support of her conclusions. Her judgments were equally accurate on the character and point of view of the author and the evident familiarity with middle-class homes which alone could produce such faultless studies of country life. Her appreciation of this side of the picture is as keen as might be expected from one who was herself so familiar with Derbyshire country folk, while her analysis of the different characters of Mrs. Poyser and Mr. Irwine is a masterpiece in its way.

We do not know whether our literature anywhere possesses such a closely true picture of purely rural life as "Adam Bede" presents. Every class that makes up a village community has its representative, and not only is the dialect of the locality accurately given, but the distinct inflection of each order. The field laborer's rude utterance, "as incapable of an undertone as a cow or a stag," receives a touch of cultivation when it is used by the mechanic; and these two again are varied in the farmhouse, while each individual has appropriate peculiarities which give a distinct truth of portraiture. . . . And well does the midland county dialect come out in this its first appearance, as far as we know, as a written language. How faithfully it expresses pathos, common sense, and humor! On Adam's lips how forcible, on Mrs. Poyser's tongue how pungent, in old Lisbeth how querulous! . . . With what truth and humor is the harvest supper described, with how strong a sympathy for the occasion! Hot roast beef we are made to feel as sublime a thing as these men must feel it, who every day in the year except Sunday eat their dinner cold under a hedge. And the silence! the real business of the occasion, too serious for a divided attention "even if

these farm laborers had anything to say, which they had not." The harvest song and the thumping, and the subsequent slow unthawing under the influence of the ale! . . . The whole picture is real in every detail, and in its place inappreciable, relieving the reader after the too painful scenes which precede it. There is a dance too in another part of the story with which we sympathize; of course a country dance, so dear to memory — "a glorious country dance, best of all dances;" the dance bewailed in many a tender elegy, which, if the pen of genius could be allowed a voice, would again be in the ascendant. . . . But all the author's humor centres in Mrs. Poyser, a new development of an old type. Mrs. Poyser never tries to amuse; she is the veriest utilitarian in her profession, and takes too business-like a view of life for smiles in her own person, or for any sanction of them in others. We almost apologize to her for finding mere diversion in so much cool, caustic, good sense. Indeed, her power lies in denuding everything of adventitious distinction, of its merely ornamental character, and reducing it to its first principles. Hetty's beauty is a constant mark for her analysis: "she is no better nor a cherry wi' a hard stone inside." . . . Whatever is not useful is worthless in her eyes, as she objects to lap-dogs because they are good neither for "butcher's meat nor barking." She is perpetually tracing things to their causes — to that *inside* which no fair exterior can divert from her thoughts. No dignity can live through the license of her tongue; some apt but derogatory comparison will surely drag it through the mire. She is more than equal, she is mistress of every occasion, superior to every antagonist; her tongue is always trenchant, inexorable, always conqueror. . . . Herself a pattern of stability, subversion of natural order is her type of weakness. "The right end up'ard" is strength and prosperity; a foolish wife is "your head in a bog, and when it is there your heels in the shape of unprofitable shorthorns may as well go after it." And the excuse of bad managers who say the weather's in fault is dismissed with, "as there's folks 'ud stand on their heads and then say the fault is in their boots" (pp. 333-9).

Miss Mozley's remarks on Mr. Irwine will strike the modern reader as even more interesting. All her deep sympathy with the revival of the Oxford movement does not in the least diminish

her genuine delight in this cleric of the old school.

It is well to reclaim from the past such a portrait as Mr. Irwine's. His faults are not the faults of our day; his merits are worth study, if it will teach how he knit himself into the affections of his flock. The portrait altogether charms by its harmony; whether we ought or not, we pity these simple people when the change of dynasty comes, and they exchanged all he had for what he was supposed to want — the difference so aptly summed up by Mrs. Poyser: "Mr. Irwine was like a good meal o' victual; you were the better for him without thinking on it. Mr. Ryde was like a dose o' physic; he griped you and worried you, and after all he left you much the same." There is the frank admission of failure in some essentials, but what he did teach went home. His presence inspired confidence, and was a kind of teaching. "It is summat like," says Mrs. Poyser, "to see such a man as that i' the desk on Sunday! as I say to Poyser, it is like looking at a full crop o' wheat, or a pasture with a fine dairy o' cows in it." Or, as old Bartle Massey expresses it, "Ay, ay, he's good metal; he gives the right ring when you try him, our parson does." It is not amiss in the self-complacency of the present age to have what we feel is a true portrait from the old "dead" time reversing some of our ideas. Perhaps it is hardly fair to dwell too much on that other distinction: that if his doctrine was not as high as other people's, yet "he acted pretty much up to what he said; he didn't set up for being so different from other folks one day, and then be as like 'em as two peas the next," because, of course, the higher the standard the more risk there is of falling off; but this is one of the hits on clerical matters which we have noticed, as well as the further one on the prevailing ignorance of common things in merely professional clergy, contrasted with Mr. Irwine's quickness and general knowledge: "I've always mistrusted that sort o' learning as leaves folks foolish and unreasonable about business," though no doubt this ignorance does imply want of sympathy and an undue selfish absorption in our own particular pursuits (p. 332).

It is not often that a review written more than thirty years ago can afford us so rare an intellectual treat, but then it does not often happen that both the book reviewed and the critique itself

are of the very first order of literary excellence.

Much of the pleasure which these "Essays" give us is due to that charm of style that seems to have been the common heritage of every member of Miss Mozley's gifted family. But more still is owing to the delicate and refined sympathy and discriminating insight which reveals itself at every page. Another thing that strikes us is the wide range of reading, the extensive knowledge of English, French, and Italian literature which their author possessed. Nothing, for instance, can be better than the essay on *La Bruyère*, a moralist whose gifts of kindly satire and knowledge of human nature Miss Mozley herself shared in no small degree. In the present day, we fancy, there are few of our high school and college taught maidens to whom the wit and wisdom of the author of "*Les Caractères*" is equally familiar. Yet *La Bruyère* was a genuine artist, who sought after and attained that perfection of style which he felt necessary for the right expression of his ideas, and who employed all his art to set forth the beauty of simplicity, goodness, and independence. Many of his *bons mots* are frequently quoted by living writers, and are as applicable to society now as they were two hundred years ago. He likens the growth of large fortunes to the cooking of a great dinner: the results may be exquisite, but a knowledge of the hands employed and the materials made use of would fill us with loathing! And he it was who first said of life at court, "It does not make us happy, but it prevents our being happy anywhere else," a saying which is probably as true of life in London society at the present moment as it was of the court of Versailles in the days of the Grand Monarque.

Again, no one who was not intimately acquainted with the literature of England during the last two centuries could have written the essay on "Illustration." Miss Mozley uses the word in its widest meaning, as including the whole figurative machinery of imagination — metaphor, simile, imagery — and points out how in all these forms it

enlarges the range of human fancy and trains men to see through the mind as well as through the eye. Our common talk is full of metaphor; the sights and sounds of our daily life, the imagery of sunrise and sunset, of the lily and the rose, of storm and cloud, have been the property of the poet from time immemorial. But hackneyed as these subjects are, they are yet capable of sudden illumination in the poet's hand. Shakespeare was the first to affix the idea of sovereignty to the morning: —

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovran eye.

Wordsworth first endowed it with innocence: —

The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
Is lovely yet.

And often as the dawn comes round no one called it confident before Browning in his "*Lost Leader*."

Life's night begins; let him never come  
back to us;

There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,  
Forced praise on our part, the glimmer of  
twilight,

Never glad confident morning again.

"Every true poet, in fact, adds something to the common stock of imagery, and so enlarges our perception" (p. 92). But the flash of genius lends freshness to the most common analogies, as, for instance, when Othello exclaims on the eve of strangling Desdemona, "Put out the light, and then put out the light!" or when George Eliot likens Hetty's beauty to the rose. "If ever a girl was made of roses it was Hetty that Sunday morning."

Again, metaphor is the natural link between man and the world he lives in. Miss Mozley points out how Wordsworth is the poet of all others who has converted nature to his uses, and made every natural object eloquent with new meaning.

To every natural form, rock, fruit, or  
flower,

E'en the loose stones that cover the high-  
way,

I give a moral life.

And of all departments of nature the commonest field of illustration is sup-



plied by the animal kingdom. Every one can call his neighbor an ass, or liken a singer to the nightingale. Dr. Johnson died with this form of metaphor on his lips. He complained of the man who sat up with him in his last illness: "Instead of watching he sleeps like a dormouse, and when he helps me to bed he is as awkward as a turnspit dog the first time he is put into the wheel." The most prosaic writers make a lively use of animals for this purpose. Mr. Trollope, for instance, in his novels compares his characters by turns to wolves, birds of prey, decoy ducks, magpies, etc., and the Hon. Mrs. Jameson's powdered footman in "Cranford," the terror of all the good ladies who could not boast such a distinction, "in his pleasantest and most gracious mood, looked like a sulky cockatoo" (p. 84).

Three qualities Miss Mozley lays down as essential to a perfect illustration. It must be apt, it must be original, and it must be characteristic of its author. But every age has its peculiar line, and every man or woman of genius uses illustration after his own manner and to his own taste.

Another essay on a very different subject is called "Hymns of the Populace." Under this title the writer introduces us to a large variety of popular hymns, including the compositions of the converted collier Richard Weaver, of Moody and Sankey, and other revivalist and teetotaler hymn-writers. Miss Mozley dwells on the great interest of these collections quite apart from their poetical merits, as throwing light upon classes of people concerning whose real thoughts and feelings we know very little. There can be no doubt that a religious revival, however mischievous in other ways, does bring to light the habits and feelings of the populace in a remarkable degree, and these hymns, with their strange irreverence, their noisy choruses, and ludicrous rhymes, may well deserve study as a useful and important means of revelation. And fortunately, in all these compilations there are a few really good and fine hymns, which will hold their own in popular favor as long as the English

language is spoken. If the reformed drunkard or prize-fighter can in his moments of penitence be brought thoroughly to understand the meaning of these, we agree with Miss Mozley that, in default of something better, a good work will have been done.

The seventh essay, "Poets at Play," is a delightful collection of witty rhymes, impromptu verses, and *jeux d'esprit*, tossed off by great poets and writers on the spur of the moment. These little spurts of the muse, Miss Mozley justly contends, have an especial value as examples of that exceptional life and vivacity which is an essential element of the poet's nature. No one writes verses in the dumps, though the recollection of despondent moods is made excellent capital of by the poet when the cloud is blown over. Trifles such as these are tokens of that eternal youthfulness which never leaves the poet as long as he can write a line. They are pleasant instances of the versatility of genius, and often add an engaging touch of homeliness to the names of our greatest singers.

"Whatever a man of genius writes because it pleases him to write it will tell us something of himself, though it be but a direction to his printer, an invitation to dinner, or a recipe for the cook" (p. 223). Sir Walter Scott's lines to James Ballantyne, for instance, tell us a great deal about his own feelings and character, his momentary discouragement under difficulty, his rejoicing over finished work, and unflinching resolution to carry on the task he had set before him. This is how he exults over the completion of "Rob Roy:"—

With great joy I send you *Roy*;  
'Tis a tough job, but we've done with *Rob*.

And when he can at last escape to the country after a long spell of work he thus addresses his landlady in rhyme:—

So good-bye Mrs. Brown;  
I am going out of town,  
Over dale, over down,  
Where bugs bite not,  
Where lodgers fight not,  
Where below you chairmen drink not,  
Where beside you gutters stink not,

But all is fresh and clear and gay,  
And merry lambkins sport and play.

Cowper's letters in rhyme display a vivacity which we should hardly have expected from this melancholy poet, and his "History of a Walk in the Mud" is one of the most charming dialogues in verse that was ever written. Then we have Gay's famous recipe for stewed veal, addressed to Swift, and ending with the lines : —

Put this pot of Wood's metal  
In a hot boiling kettle,  
And there let it be  
(Mark the doctrine I teach)  
About — let me see —  
Thrice as long as you preach.  
So, skimming the fat off,  
Say grace with your hat off.  
Oh, then with what rapture  
Will it fill Dean and Chapter!

Byron's apostrophe to his publisher, "My Murray;" Dr. Johnson's witty lines to Mrs. Thrale on her birthday: —

Oft in danger, yet alive,  
We are come to thirty-five;

and Canning's memorable despatch to the English minister at the Hague are among the curiosities of literature that find a place in these pages. This last was actually sent in cipher to Sir Charles Bagot at the end of a prolonged negotiation on commercial reciprocity, in which the proposals made by M. Falck, the Dutch minister, were too one-sided to be accepted. Sir Charles was one day at court, when a brief but urgent despatch from the secretary of state for foreign affairs was put into his hand, and after an interval of delay before the key could be obtained, to his intense amazement, he deciphered the following words : —

In matters of commerce the fault of the  
Dutch  
Is giving too little and asking too much;  
With equal advantage the French are content,  
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty  
per cent.,  
Twenty per cent.,  
Twenty per cent.;  
Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per  
cent.

GEORGE CANNING.

Canning, it may be observed, is here allowed to rank with the poets by virtue of his famous song of "The Pilot that weathered the Storm" and his verses in the *Anti-Jacobin*, and he certainly deserves to be called a universal genius.

The poet [adds Miss Mozley] we need not say, is forever sighing over the youth that is past and gone, not taking note of the youth that remains to him, altogether independent of years. But in fact he is a boy all his life, capable of finding amusement in matters which the plodding man of the world considers puerile, and so conferring on his readers and lovers some share of his own spring, some taste of the freshness which helps to keep the world alive (p. 260).

Four out of the nine essays in this volume treat of social subjects. Here, as in the *Saturday Review* essays we have already mentioned, Miss Mozley is at her best. A born essayist, she detects the faults and failings of mankind with as keen an eye and as native a gift of satire as La Bruyère himself, but never loses sight of the deeper and nobler side of human nature. Her remarks are never wanting in truth and good sense. They are always clever and always kindly. One of her most amusing chapters is devoted to the study of temper. Thackeray, we all know, was fond of saying that there is no advantage equal to that of a thoroughly bad temper, since people are sure to let its owner enjoy everything of the best rather than run the risk of opposing him. Miss Mozley so far agrees with him, as to say that a bad temper does often seem favorable to health. The man who has been a Turk all his life, survives all those whom he has plagued; but, on the other hand, many a rich man's bad temper preaches a constant sermon of content to his poorer neighbors. They would rather go without his money than have his sour spirit of discontent. On the whole, we think Miss Mozley is decidedly indulgent towards sinners in this respect. She thinks there is so much to provoke us all in the topsy-turvy course of this world's affairs, that temper should rather invite than repel our sympathy. No-

body is liked the worse for giving way to occasional bursts of temper, and some forms of temper are positively attractive. Women especially tolerate ill-temper in the men who are near and dear to them with marvellous patience and a firm belief in their own powers of subduing it.

The writer goes on to analyze the different varieties of temper from an artistic point of view. She distinguishes between the aggressive temper and the bad one, the petulant temper and the grumbling one, the violent temper and the sullen one, the melancholy, carping temper and the sprightly, carping temper, which is every bit as irritating in its way. But all these forms of temper alike give pain to others, and the person whose frequent mood is to give pain, the writer wisely remarks, separates himself from our sympathies by a gap not easily bridged over. Miss Mozley thinks that on the whole women have improved in the control of their tempers since the days of Addison and "The Spectator." In those times the sight of a woman of rank and fashion in a violent rage seems to have been a common occurrence in society. At least, ladies no longer throw scalding teakettles at their visitors' heads, or fly at their husbands' periwigs. Neither would the servants of the present age put up with kicks and *coups de bâton*, or take half-crowns in atonement for cuffs and blows from their master or mistress. But too many homes are darkened and too many lives are still made miserable by ill-temper to treat the subject lightly, and Miss Mozley ends seriously enough.

Do quarrels gather round us? Are we "fruitful hot water," living in a commotion? Are people *solicitous* to please us, as though it were not an easy matter to do so — vigilant to see how we take things, forward with apologies, anxious in civilities? Are we bent on giving pleasure *our* way, and vexed when people prefer their own? Do we lose our friends by an exceptional inconstancy on their part? Have we a large stock of grievances? Do we find a great many people irritable, unreasonable, disagreeable, and consider it due to our-

selves to let them know our opinion? If conscience gives an affirmative answer, then we may be sure we have a temper that would come under some other denomination than sweet, or good, or even well-regulated — a temper to be mended, a task to take in hand (p. 218).

In another essay, under the polite phrase of "Social Hyperbole," the author enters her protest against the modern use of slang as destructive of all good talk. There is, she observes, in the youth of the present day a general disposition to reduce all definition to two or three terms. All that affects the boy pleasantly is jolly, all that bores the girl is horrid, all they find tiresome is awful, while a compound of the two is employed to signify every degree of satisfaction, and the boy or girl who desires to express the climax of contentment can find no better phrase than that of "awfully jolly." Now a great deal of this economy of language, Miss Mozley observes, is due to mental laziness. A word that will do for all occasions, and "like the bark of a dog depends for its meaning upon intonation," certainly saves trouble, and from soft and ruddy lips may pass for the "sweet audacity of youth." But when the first charm of early youth is past, when these airy talkers reach the age of thirty, what are they to do? They have for so many years restricted their vocabulary to two or three adverbs and adjectives that they have forgotten how to use fitting epithets, and are forced to retire into social obscurity. There can be no doubt that a time does come to all of us when "jolly" and "horrid" and "awful" cease to be graceful. The English as a nation have never been distinguished for good talking. Madame de Staël once said that the English *could* talk well, but that since the art of conversation did not advance their fortunes they took no trouble about it. The failing, we fear, is, as Miss Mozley remarks, a growing one. Few people nowadays care to listen to good talk, and ordinary English conversation is curiously wanting in finish and accuracy. Yet accurate talking leads to accurate thinking, just as

clear thought leads to clear speaking. "Practice in words clears up ideas" (p. 5).

Miss Mozley expands her views on this subject, and on the larger field of young people's training, more fully in the admirable essay entitled "Schools of Mind and Manners," a chapter which every parent of the present day ought to read attentively. As might be expected, she complains of the lack of discipline and bad manners in the children of the period, and defends the old system under which training in manners was considered even more important than actual book learning. In her eyes good manners are something more than a mere adornment. With the sweetest singer of the age she holds that "manners are not idle, but the fruit of noble mind." Yet in these days, when so much attention is paid to intellectual development, this part of education is strangely neglected.

While so great a point is made of thoroughness in all other learning, the mere ABC grounding of manners threatens to be left untaught. It seems supposed that, given so much intellectual culture, boys and girls, by the mere process of growing old, turn into polite, considerate men and women. We do not believe it. Many arts and sciences are more easily acquired late in life than a good manner. If people are to behave well they must be early taught to behave—a practice that demands unceasing sacrifices of minute personal liking to the general pleasure and convenience (p. 303).

Miss Mozley dwells especially on the importance of teaching children to listen. Children who are perpetually chattering to one another never acquire the habit of intelligent listening, and lose a great deal which they might easily acquire by the exercise of this faculty. The intellectual sympathy that makes men and women good companions is acquired by listening, not by talking. And it is to the neglect of early training in this respect that the decay of conversation as an art is in a great measure to be ascribed. Yet still, even in these degenerate days, Miss Mozley reflects with satisfaction, there are children who are brought up on the old system—not

because it is a system, but *because* the mother's recollections of her own education lead her in this direction—children

who respond with dutiful alacrity to the training of manners; who are obedient to rule, courteous, friendly, hospitable to strangers in their small, innocent way; who greet with a smile welcome company, and brighten under it; who watch their mother's eye and obey her behests, and so doing catch her grace of air and movement. These are children, whatever their literary attainments, who will grow into gentle, refining influences; who will perpetuate good traditions, and maintain the charm as well as the virtues of family life. And, moreover, whatever their store of exact knowledge, they will have a diction and facility of expression which perhaps will more than stand comparison with others deeper read, but less practised in social intercourse (p. 281).

We admit the charm of the picture and confess that the modern child as a rule falls decidedly short of the writer's ideal. But, perhaps, if we may venture to say so, some compensation for this lack of discipline and want of attention to manners may be found in the superior thoroughness of intellectual training which our children receive, and which certainly ought to counteract in some degree the absence of strictness that marks our present system of education. But no one will dispute the truth of the writer's remarks or the need there is for parents, as well as children, to be sometimes reminded that it is, after all, in the words of the old Wykehamist motto, Manners that make the man. And the subject is one on which Miss Mozley had a good right to express an opinion, for she herself was a model of good breeding, and combined the most winning and graceful courtesy with the highest intellectual culture and literary attainments. She was indeed a perfect type of the refined and cultivated gentlewoman of a generation that is fast passing away.

One more essay that strikes us as very pleasant reading is "The Four Ages." Here the writer takes up her pen gallantly, in defence of that comparatively dull and uninteresting period of life generally known as middle age.

While freely owning the fascination of childhood and youth, and the beauty of a serene old age, she writes brightly and vigorously of that *mezzo del cammin della vita* which after all marks the moment of our mental prime—forty or forty-five; with some it is fifty. These middle decades of life, she argues, between forty and fifty, or even sixty, are a capital working time; for then the gains of thought and experience, and in most cases that very important factor in human life liberty of action, more than compensate for the loss of youthful ardor and the fading of our early dreams. This is our period of maturity, answering to the summer and autumn of the natural world. Here we have the time of performance, the week-days of labor wherein the true work of the world is done. If the pleasures and advantages of middle life—that *âge viril* which, in La Bruyère's words, we do not esteem as highly as it deserves—were acknowledged as openly as they are enjoyed and appreciated in reality, there would be less of the sentimental regret for the springtime of life, less of that "foolish aping of youth" which is now so often to be seen among middle-aged persons. But the truth is, "most people go by looks," and that part of life when we were comeliest and all things became us retains its fascination for the memory. The true wisdom, she concludes, is neither to anticipate the pleasures or duties of each stage, but to enjoy and profit by each in turn, when it comes, and so make life one harmonious whole. In all classes of life active industry keeps off the sense and spread of approaching old age. The busy man, whether statesman or shopkeeper, has his mind still fixed on the future. He looks forward and so retains the habits and sensations of youth when the fact is long past. But nothing, the writer adds in conclusion, "cheers the whole prospect of life to the young like a picture of calm, bright, intelligent old age" (p. 148).

The words remind us of some others that were spoken not long ago of Miss Mozley herself: "We never thought of her as an old lady. She never suffered that contraction into her own self, that

indifference to the outer world which sometimes marks old age." To the end of her life she never lost her interest in everything that was happening around her, and to the last she kept her youthful spirits and keen capacity for enjoyment.

The Bishop of Salisbury, who was closely associated with Miss Mozley in the publication of her brother's works, and could speak from experience of her literary qualities, tells us that to these she owed much of the freshness and charm of her old age. "They assured for her a perpetual youth; they environed her with an atmosphere of grace and dignity; they invested her with a right to direct and command, through the possession of an almost manly vigor, and a right to receive willing homage by virtue of her feminine sweetness and refinement" (p. xx.). During the last months of her life she became almost entirely blind, but in her darkened state she was still the centre of interest and conversation, still the same attentive listener and keen critic that she had always been. Her delight in the company of young people never failed. In her last days she was never happier than when surrounded by the children of the family, the great-nephews and nieces in whose hearts Aunt Anne will long remain a cherished memory. Even the sense of dependence upon others, trying as it must have been to one of her character, did not disturb the serenity of her nature. Strangers who saw her for the first time called her the sweetest old lady they had ever met. She did not long survive the publication of Cardinal Newman's "Letters," and only lived long enough to witness the warm praise with which her great work was received by those whose opinion she most valued. Her task was done, and when the call came she was ready to go. She had always had the blessing of good health, and she was spared suffering at the last. A sudden cold brought on an attack of short but sharp illness, under which she sank rapidly, and on June 27, 1891, she passed quietly away. A few days afterwards she was buried at Barrow, where many of the happiest and most fruitful



days of her life had been spent, and where her name is still fondly remembered. The poor flocked to her funeral, and surprise was expressed at the presence of one old woman who had been her Sunday scholar long ago. "I couldn't do no otherwise," was the answer that came from a full heart. Many who had known Anne Mozley share the feeling that prompted these words.

We are grateful to her for her life and for her work, for her large sympathies and her unshaken faith, for the loyalty with which she held fast to the Church of her fathers, for the talents that she devoted to its service. Above all we thank her for the great traditions which she has preserved of the movement and of the men to whom we owe so much.

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From Chambers' Journal.

A WINTER'S TALE.

WE were watering the oxen at the well—Douglas and I—smoking and talking as we watched the cattle drinking and sniffing between each bucketful with a lazy satisfaction peculiar to their kind, and then carefully knocking over the pails with their noses after every drink. When I reflect on the number of pails Brandy and Soda broke in a year by these and other means, it is a wonder to me now that we made out as well as we did at first with our farming operations.

Douglas was a Scotch Canadian, up from the Portage on a visit to some friends, but an old-timer who knew the North-western prairies from Winnipeg to the Rockies, and from Prince Albert to the Moose Mountains, as well as the red men themselves.

We were sorry to hear from him that the Indians had prophesied an open winter, for we knew that they seldom blundered as to weather. Open winters, he continued, were a nuisance and hard on axles, for they meant severe frosts and little snow, with frequent heavy thaws—a state of affairs that would not admit of running sleighs successfully, and knocked wagons to splinters. Still the Indians had foretold it, and—at

that time—I agreed with him that it was hopeless *our* trying to learn anything that *they* did not know about the weather; about hunting, fishing, and trapping; the operations of nature; the habits of bird, beast, and fish, and such-like occult arts and sciences.

But when spring came and the clang of the geese echoed on river, lake, and slough (Canadian pronunciation "sleugh"), and the long-drawn caw of the crow as he loafed across country resounded down the valley; and the young poplars and the willows, the saskatoon and all wild fruit-trees seemed to vie with one another in the race of growth, I began to wonder to myself what a hard winter was like, if the last six months represented an open one.

About the middle of October, 1887, the colonel and I left our temporary winter quarters a short distance from Castle Avery, to go down with the oxen and wagon to Birtle to enter for our land, and lay in stores and clothing for the winter. We started one day after dinner, travelling the twelve miles to Shellmouth before supper, and staying there till morning, covered the fifty miles thence to our destination in the course of the next two days.

We entered for our homesteads, and having attended to other necessary business, made all haste to get back, for the weather was wild and threatening, and the hard state of the trails and frequent snow-showers made our mode of progression unpleasant in the extreme; though on other matters we had no anxiety, as we had left everything at the ranch in care of our good friend Leslie.

We did well to hasten, for on the night of the 22d there was a heavy snowstorm, and the mercury suddenly fell to fifteen below zero. The next day, Will Jameson, Jim Burt, and I broke the ice at the North Crossing of the Assiniboine, and made our way over the river in the boat, because we were afraid that the comparatively thin crust of ice would not bear us. I remember the occasion well, for Jameson and I stood on the south bank for about twenty minutes, shouting in the teeth

of a bitter wind, to attract the attention of Burt's folks on the other side; and had not Burt come out by chance, we might have been standing there yet, for all the good our shouting did. After spending another quarter of an hour breaking the ice, Burt finally succeeded in getting across and taking us aboard the old second-hand and leaky egg-box that did duty for a boat; but there was so much water in it that I quite spoiled a brand-new pair of Indian moccasins I was wearing for the first time.

I don't think I shall ever forget Burt's crossing of the Assiniboine. I was telling him only the other day I intended making it figure in the first story I tried to write; and here it is. I have never yet crossed at this spot, owing to the wretched means of transit, without getting wet. As a general rule, of the two making the passage in the boat the passenger has to bale for dear life; and the ferryman for the time being has to pull like a Trojan to get across without egg-box and all going under; and when the river is high and running like a mill-race, it would be almost exciting if it were not so confoundedly damp. Well, the ice is getting pretty thin now, being early spring, and last night when I was taking Jimmy's mail to him, I suddenly landed up to my waist in a hole against the north bank, where the sun strikes at noonday. Luckily, the house is not more than two hundred yards away; so I soon obtained a change of clothing, and, not altogether relishing the idea of another bath in ice-cold water and after dark, I stayed at Burt's all night; but before I go over there again I shall insure my life. But this is all by the way—I must get back to my "Winter's Tale." A few days after our crossing in the boat, the ice was strong enough to bear a team, and remained in a state of rock-like solidity till the middle of April, 1888, when the Martins, on the way back to their homesteads in the West, after wintering in the valley, found it strong enough to sustain the weight of the fifty head of cattle they took with them. It was indeed a long and dreary winter.

Snow fell pretty often during Novem-

ber and December, and on and off in that time the colonel and I were busy getting home the cattle and "fixing up" our houses and stables.

Before Christmas we registered fifty-seven degrees of frost; but on one occasion the wind blew from the west with a warmth that strongly resembled the chinook (the name applied to the westerly wind that frequently springs up in that section of the North-west that lies near the Rocky Mountains, where it has its origin, and has the peculiar effect of raising the temperature from often below zero to above freezing-point in a few hours, melting the snow, and inducing an almost spring-like warmth), that so often prevails at this season of the year nearer the Rocky Mountains. On Christmas eve and Christmas day the snowfall was incessant; and then the fierce Manitoba winter shut down with a snap, and for nearly four months blizzards, forty below zero, and snowstorms, followed one another with a regularity and pertinacity that became monotonous; while up to the end of May we did not experience more than three weeks of pleasant weather.

Christmas day was the jolliest I had spent in the country since I left home. The colonel's plum pudding was a triumph of culinary art; while my beef-steak pie was as dismal a failure. I shall always believe it was his fault for leaving the oven door open while I went up to the post-office for our letters.

Leslie and Bickford came up to help us to eat the good things—at least the roast pork and pudding, for I had to devour every scrap of that steak pie myself. I had made enough for four men with appetites in proportion to the time of year; so I was quite a while performing the feat, and the number of times that pie appeared on the scene during the rest of the winter was wearisome in the extreme. The only drawback to the glory of the feast was the want of flavoring with the pudding—that kind of flavoring that goes very well with a pudding, and is not wholly unappreciated without.

After dinner or supper—it came off at five P.M.—we had a little music and

singing, "Nancy Lee," and the like, accompanied by Leslie's concertina. About half past ten Bickford decided to go home, in spite of our urging him to stay till morning; and the last I saw of him that night was being pitched out of the saddle over blind Poll's head; but the snow was so deep that he sustained no damage. In some respects, indeed, it was rather an elevating end to a pleasant evening, but I myself prefer alighting from the saddle in a more deliberate and less energetic manner.

Two or three days after Christmas, I was helping Leslie to thresh; but what with ice and barley beards, my spectacles became so misty that about all I could see was the way to the house, whither I retired and thawed the glasses out. It was wonderful the number of times I had to do this in the course of the day.

During the rest of that week I helped the colonel to get in supplies of wood and hay; and on the last day of the year went down to Shellmouth with the Castle Avery mail. The trails were bad; but with a good hand at the reins the ponies had to get there, and in spite of the drifts we hardly broke the trot the whole twelve miles. Arrived at Shellmouth, I met the skipper, and together we went out to his place (Trincomalee), where I stayed ten days; but as there was not employment for more than one, I was not overworked, and in fact grew restless for want of something to do, and longed to be out of doors to do it. But the time was near at hand when I was only too glad to remain in the house. On the 10th of January the skipper drove me home, and never shall I forget that drive.

The thermometer registered twenty-five below zero when we started at noon, with a biting north-westerly wind; but the day was fairly bright and clear. We went a mile and a half out of the way to pick up Blanc, and then pulled out for Castle Avery and home; and though we were behind as good a team as there was at the time in this section of the country, it took us nearly five hours to travel the thirteen miles. Nor were we exactly prepared for what was in store,

for with the exception of some straw at the bottom of the wagon-box, which was mounted on sleighs, the horse-blankets, and Blanc's ox-hide, we had no suitable covering to protect us from such intense cold. As it was, the trail was hardly ever visible between Blanc's Bluff and Castle Avery. For a few minutes the horses would find it below the drift; the next instant, in their endeavor to follow it, they would mount miniature walls of snow, caked hard enough to bear the weight of the "whole outfit" for a few yards successfully; suddenly, the treacherous crust would crack, and, slipping and plunging, now on the trail and now off, with one runner cutting nearly to the ground, and we ourselves in danger of being pitched out over the side, they toiled painfully and gallantly forward, the skipper giving them their heads and constantly cheering them to further efforts—and they responded to the call. All the time, the wind, as if delighting in our helplessness, swept down and smote us with an icy keenness that made us curl up and shiver and chilled us to the marrow.

Once clear of Hamilton's Lake, the worst was over; and as we neared Castle Avery and the more wooded country, the edge was somewhat taken off the blast, and we felt cheered at the prospect of getting through in safety. But our destination was two miles beyond the Castle, and though we were sure of a kindly welcome and thaw-out within its hospitable walls, we, as we passed, merely dropped Blanc, who was bound thither, and never drew rein till we reached home. Fortunately, none of us were frozen, but stiff and weary from the exposure, the skipper and I were able to eat but a morsel of supper. After seeing that his team and the cattle were comfortable for the night and taking a few whiffs, we turned in under all the blankets we could find, and awoke none the worse next morning for all we had gone through.

During the night the wind shifted to the opposite quarter, and when I bade the skipper and the colonel—whose turn it was now to go visiting—good-

bye, there was a raging snowstorm from the south-east, that increased in intensity and vigor all day, continuing till about midnight, when the snow ceased, and the wind veered round again to the north-west, ushering in the direful blizzard of Thursday, January 12, 1888, disastrous alike to the lives of man and beast from the Mackenzie to southern Iowa, while it was felt, more or less, right down to the Gulf of Mexico.

And yet the tale of frozen human corpses to be found during the next few days in this little understood and much abused province of the Great Lone Land might have been counted on one's fingers—a fact which will compare favorably with the havoc and distress wrought by the same tempest in the United States.

While it lasted, the maximum temperature for forty-eight hours was twenty-eight below zero, and the minimum at night time forty-two below. The cattle and I kept warm and snug; but on the first day the pipe of the heating-stove in my bedroom was burned out and rendered useless; and for ten days I was obliged to live in the kitchen, where for a time I was a little crowded, since Bickford, who lived only half a mile away on the river-bank, found his shanty too cold to remain in, and therefore came and stayed with me, bringing a friend or two with him. Indeed, the most serious matter was the hay running short. I did get a small "jag" on the Friday from Bickford's nearest stack, and on my way back "dumped" it, sleighs and all, in a gully near the house. But with the help of ropes and logging-chains, and a good steady pull, and no jerking, from Brandy and Soda, I succeeded in righting and getting the load home with no worse result than a frozen nose for myself. But alas! for the next two nights I had so many four-footed visitors as well, in the shape of a neighbor's horses I was temporarily accommodating, that soon there was but little of the jag left. However, Sunday falling quite calm, enabled me to fetch a good load, and from that time till the end of winter the supply of hay was well maintained.

The blizzard fairly over, we entered upon a short spell of steady cold, but delightfully fine and crisp weather, such as, I believe, is only to be found in these latitudes. From the instant when the night began to wane before the softly stealing dawn, when the first light touch that told of the nearing of the sun rifted out over the land in gleams of faintly roseate hue, all through the short day till the last of the afterglow, reflected in the eastern sky, slowly died away, the hours were full of sunshine and brightness, unflecked by cloud and unruffled by the slightest breeze. And the daylight had scarce left us, ere, night after night, the Northern Lights, like giant torches pointing the path to heaven, flashed forth and glinted weirdly, with a radiance that rivalled the glory of the winter's moon, till wooded crest and fertile valley, ice-chained river and glistening lake, homestead and hamlet, were illumined with a more than earthly splendor; and the wolves, as if angered by the flaming brilliancy, howled in dismal and tuneless chorus.

But all too soon we were to experience another series of snowstorms and heavy winds, that lasted till well on to the end of February, though, of course, the temperature became warmer and out-door work less irksome. But as I continued to "run the show" single-handed till the colonel's return, I performed only the most necessary duties, such as tending the cattle, keeping up the stock of wood and fodder—as a substitute for water we melted snow, and the beasts went down every day to the water-hole cut in the river ice—and those odd jobs that always crop up on a Manitoba farm, as elsewhere.

Still I was far from feeling lonesome. Our shanty was on the trail to the lumber camp forty miles north, to the various hayricks in the valley, and to the bush for cutting both logs and firewood, so that friends used constantly to give me a call on their way past with their teams, sometimes remaining long enough to warm and have their meals with me, or perchance staying all night.

When the worst of the weather was

over, the colonel returned, and was shortly followed by Boffin and Rumbles, who, coming up from the timberless country some miles to the south of Castle Avery, elected to live with us while cutting a set of stable logs. We were a jolly party. Besides the colonel — whom I was glad to welcome back — and our two friends, there was Leslie, who came over day by day to hew the logs as they were cut, and a pretty regular stream of the wayfarers before mentioned. So that when the day's work was done, the dishes washed, and the cattle fixed up for the night, we had plenty of fun before we turned in. We went to bed early, for the work was more trying than even in mid-winter. The very warmth of the days caused us to get wet through from the knees downward in the melting snow, and this was followed by a sudden chill that came as soon as the sun began to sink, with the result that our trousers and felt boots were frozen as stiff as boards, which made us glad enough to come in to supper and the welcome warmth of the stove.

With the departure of Rumbles and Boffin after a fortnight's visit and the completion of our own work in the bush, the colonel and I began throwing down Benson's house, which we had bought,

preparatory to hauling the logs it was built of to our homesteads, only leaving the work to help our neighbors with their house-raisings, which came off as soon as the softened state of the snow permitted of turning up the earth sufficiently to lay the corner stones. These house-raisings frequently gave us heavy, but by no means unpleasant work, when we all pitched in with a will — contented in the knowledge that we were helping our friends, and could count on their assistance at some future time for any like work that we might wish to undertake for ourselves.

We attended the first of these bees about the middle of April. Bickford was putting up a new stable, and I remember what a task it was to lift the heavy twenty-five feet ridge-pole into its place.

It was very warm in the sun, though the snow was still quite deep, with hard frosts at night, and we were looking forward to the advent of spring, for though on April 5th we experienced a fearful snowstorm, during the continuance of which I had to dig away the drifts from the stable doors three times, the geese had returned on the 7th, and their welcome cry was a sure forerunner of that grand summer weather which came at last, though slowly and reluctantly.

**THE DATE OF THE EXODUS.**—What was the precise date of the Exodus from Egypt? A German astronomer, according to one of our contemporaries, has solved this knotty problem. Jewish tradition gives the date as the 1st Nisan, 1312 B.C. In order to test this, our astronomer has assumed that the Egyptian darkness which immediately preceded the Exodus was an eclipse. He has consequently calculated all the eclipses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries B.C., and having selected those which took place in the spring, has then chosen from them those which come nearest to the date given by the Jewish tradition. The eclipse he finally selected was one which took place

on March 13, 1335 B.C. It is curious to note that this date agrees with Jewish tradition, so far as the month and day are concerned. The year is, however, twenty-three years out. The astronomer declares that this is a mistake of the Jewish historians, since no eclipse occurred in the year 1312 B.C. He seems to forget that the alleged darkness is described in the Scriptures as having been a miracle. However, the result of his calculation is to show that the Exodus took place on March 27, 1335 B.C.—a discovery which will be appreciated when our iconoclastic reformers lay violent hands on the Jewish calendar.

*Jewish Chronicle.*



